

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Women rally to the call of the Red Army

A million and a half ready to defend their country

By MICHAEL TERRY, F.R.G.S., F.R.E.S.



RUSSIAN women soldiers are trained as rigorously as men. These are members of a battalion which won a marksmanship prize.



TWO YOUNG women pilots at a Russian school of aviation. The Soviet has produced many women aviators.



SONJA NEMSKOW drives a tank, and is a member of one of the Soviet's armored units.

A million and a half women parachutists, pilots, sharpshooters, and army instructors are fighting with Russia in its gigantic struggle with Germany.

As well as these women of the Red Army, Pravda, Russian newspaper, claims that thirty million have immediately replaced in factories and on the land men wanted for the fighting services.

I CAN well believe these women of the new Russia make formidable fighters, for I met some of their predecessors in the last war.

I was with a British armored division watching some of the women of the "Battalion of Death" going to the front in Galicia, to defend Russia against the Germans.

I spoke to one. She looked so tough that I thought she must be an ordinary Russian soldier.

Her hair was cropped skull close. She wore the trousers and blouse of a "Siushi" (nickname for Tsarist soldier), and of course she wore not a vestige of make-up.

She showed me a little package of poison which every woman of that battalion carried in case of capture. They preferred death to dishonor. After the war front broke up and the disintegrated armies of the Tsar were chasing loot and land, the women of Russia went quietly on with their jobs.

While in so many cases the men fought, talked, argued and theorised about the Red Dawn, the women gathered the harvest, cut the wood, tended the stock, and did all the practical things necessary to keep the nation on its feet.

"The daughters of our socialist society march side by side with men, and often surpass them," Stalin has said—a very different concept of the place of women from that of the Hitler regime.

For many years women have been encouraged as aviators. A notable achievement is a 4000-mile non-stop flight from Moscow to the Far East in 1938 by three women, Olga Osipenko, Valentina Grizodubova, and Marina Roskova.

All lieutenants

THEY were forced down through lack of petrol, but rescued, and honored by high Soviet officials when they returned.

All held the rank of lieutenant in the Soviet Air Force.

Two of them, Osipenko and Roskova, a few months before, with another woman, Vera Lomako, flew a single-engined seaplane from Sebastopol, on the Black Sea coast, to Archangel, the northern port, in 10 hours 33 minutes.

Russia, which pioneered the use of parachute troops in the war against Finland, has for many years trained boys and girls as well as men and women as para-jumpers.

In many of the parks are huge towers from which the novice learns to jump before taking on a descent from an aeroplane.

Caught young, girl parachutists are completely devoid of the fear of jumping, and are thus excellent material for use in warfare.

Wives of Red Army officers were organised to fight in the Finnish



EVEN THE SEA is not barred to Russian women. Here a woman sailor cleans the side of a ship.

war, and several Red Army units were commanded by women.

Before the outbreak of this war 100,000 women were trained to drive agricultural tractors, so that the male drivers could, in war time, be released for driving tanks. Yet not even tanks have proved beyond the scope of Russia's women, and they have qualified as members of armored regiments.

Where they are needed to replace manpower in factories they will not be found wanting.

Already under the Soviet they have taken on all sorts of jobs regarded as men's jobs in other countries.

In the factories they have been employed on such heavy work as handling hydraulic moulding presses.

The strong peasant girls of the country districts, muscular and broad-shouldered, soon prove as capable of doing as good a day's work as most men.

There are women engine-drivers and tram-drivers, women bricklayers, women engineers, even women sailors.

Married women have been encouraged to work by the provision of creches where their children are cared for during working hours.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



LIEUT. J. NORRIS

... Wavell Prize.

FIRST Australian to win the coveted Wavell Prize, awarded at a cadets' training school, Middle East, is Lieut. John Norris, of Sydney. The prize is a biography of Lord Allenby, written and autographed by General Wavell. Competitors are drawn from all parts of the Empire.

Lieut. Norris was born in Egypt during the 1914-18 war, in which his father, Lieut.-Colonel I. B. Norris, was killed.



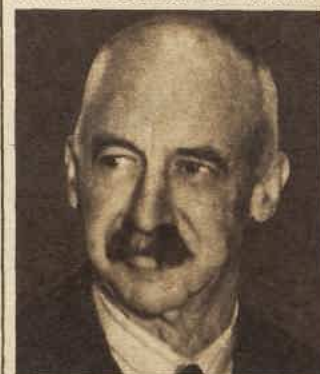
—Ronald Esler.

MISS M. LENOX

... dietetics.

CHOSEN from applicants from overseas and throughout Australia, Miss Miriam Lenox, of Melbourne, is first dietitian appointed to Sydney Hospital. "My job is to improve food science for all patients and nursing staff, as well as for patients on special diet," she says.

She holds the diploma of dietetics, Royal Victoria College of Nursing, and is a foundation member of the Dietetics Association of Victoria.



MR. MAX HENRY

... fur-farming investigation.

CHIEF of the division of animal husbandry, Department of Agriculture, Mr. Max Henry heads the committee recently appointed by the N.S.W. Government to inquire into the possibilities of fur farming in Australia to offset the wartime ban on imported furs.

The committee will investigate plans to import fur-bearing animals including silver foxes, and the development of Australian resources.

Be Sure and Look After YOUR FEET IN WINTER

With the Aid of

Zam-Buk

YOUR feet soon get cold and wet at this time of the year. You are liable to have painful chilblains, or maybe a touch of cramp or rheumatism.

If you want to make certain of healthy, comfortable feet, give them a good rub over with Zam-Buk Ointment each night. This quickly restores circulation and relieves

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

If feet are aching and tired, or you have corns or other hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk bathe the feet and dry thoroughly.

As the refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are absorbed into the skin, joints, ankles and feet are strengthened and you experience real foot comfort.

1/7 or 3/8 a box.



Navy, Army or Air Force.

Wherever he is serving, he will welcome Zam-Buk. So don't forget to slip a box into your next parcel.



Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



TOBRUK V.C.

Liverpool lad lived up to
finest traditions of race



Corporal Edmondson's parents tell
of home life of their hero son

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

"Corporal John Hurst Edmondson has been posthumously awarded the first Australian Victoria Cross of this war . . ."

I read those words a dozen times on the day that the news was made public.

The gallantry and sacrifice of a young Australian will help us to be safe here . . . and here . . . and here . . . I thought as the car taking me to interview his parents ran through the crowded city streets, busy suburban areas, and winding country roads. The first simple words of his mother were the perfect tribute and explanation.

"I'd never be afraid of anything if Jack were beside me," she said.

CORPORAL EDMONDSON, only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Edmondson, of Forest Home, near Liverpool, N.S.W., died of wounds near Tobruk on Easter Monday.

He had taken part in an encounter with German machine-gunners and, though severely wounded, he saved the life of his platoon commander, Lieutenant A. Mackell, M.C.

It is a coincidence that Lieutenant Mackell lives at Merrylands, only a few miles away from the Edmondsons.

Scarlet poinsettias flame high around the verandah of Forest Home, and the garden is full of flowers.

A welcoming figure, Mrs. Edmondson with a warm handclasp and a smile took me into her home.

An historian in search of a typical Australian family need go no further than the Edmondsons, descendants of pioneers, country born and bred, with little taste for city life.

Mr. Edmondson, tall, lean, weather tanned, with iron-grey hair and clear blue eyes, is as Australian as a gum tree.

White-haired Mrs. Edmondson, sturdily built, speaks more quickly than her husband, though her voice falters now and again as she speaks of her son.

Not even the award of the V.C. can increase the pride which Mr. and Mrs. Edmondson have in their only child.

"We've always been proud of him, for the whole 26 years of his life," said his mother.

"He had a natural way of taking care of people and sort of tucking them under his wing to look after them," she added.

"We accepted his decision to enlist as a call to duty, and we didn't try to stop him going, though it left his father to manage our property alone."

"Jack was born in Wagga, but when he was two years old we moved to this house, and he grew up here in the surroundings which he loved so well."

Forest Home is a comfortable white house which looks over the sloping paddocks to the Blue Mountains.

About fifty yards from the main road is a little white gate which leads into the garden.

"It was through that gate that he first rode to school at Austral, five miles away, on his fat, white pony, Bessie," said his mother.

"Through the same gate he left after his final leave."

"He said good-bye quietly to us, then sat down at the piano and played his favorite tune, 'Maori's Farewell.' Without another word he walked from the house, through the garden, and out that little gate."

At present these are the things which his people are remembering.

They think of a sturdy, earnest little schoolboy, a busy Agricultural College student, and then a young man with a deep love of his country life.

Indelibly printed on their memories are the quiet enthusiasm with which he used to discuss rural matters, his expert knowledge of cattle-judging, and his loving appreciation of his home.

"He liked his books best of all," continued his mother.

Lost cat

JUST then a tiny kitten scampered across my feet.

As she picked it up to fondle it, Mrs. Edmondson a little shyly told me of a remarkable incident.

"Jack liked cats, and for fifteen years he had a huge tabby cat he called Stiffy," she said.

"The day before he left he asked me to take great care of his pet."

"The old cat seemed to cling to me after Jack had gone."

"On Easter Monday he wouldn't stop crying, and worried me so much that eventually I couldn't stand it, and put him outside on the verandah."

"We never saw him again. We searched the paddocks all next day."

"It was on Easter Monday that Jack died," said Mrs. Edmondson quietly.

She went to get some letters sent by some of her son's friends in the A.I.F., and Mr. Edmondson came in.

He told me of Jack's keen interest in sheep and cattle, and how before his teens he was a proud messenger at the local Agricultural Show, where later he became a steward.

His favorite sport was rifle shooting.

"Jack always had a couple of his own horses to ride, though he drove our car, and his last gift to his mother was a new sedan," said his father.

He joined the militia in 1939 and became a corporal.

When war broke out he was called to duty and served in the city and at Narrabeen, till he decided to enlist in the A.I.F. and went into camp



The Soldier: His mother's favorite portrait—Corporal J. H. Edmondson, V.C., first Australian to win the highest award for valor in this war. It was awarded posthumously for gallantry at Tobruk.

a mile and a half from his home on May 20, 1940.

With her hands full of letters Mrs. Edmondson returned, and handed me the letter from Private Athol Dalziel, Jack's best friend.

"This is the one I love best of them all," she said.

"... I have only known Jack for a year, but he was my best pal," wrote Pte. Dalziel.

"He died a hero, Mrs. Edmondson, acclaimed by everyone. Words cannot be found to express our praise and gratitude, I have all of his things, which I will send on to you. His last words to me were: 'Give my love to the folks, and good luck, old boy' . . ."

From Lieutenant Mackell came this letter:

"Jack saved my life during the engagement, and there is nothing I can do to repay him. All I can do is to offer you the deepest sympathy of his 40 friends in the platoon."

See Dame Mary Gilmore's poem, page 15.

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR



Quick Inexpensive
Way to Thrilling
Waves!

Style by
Norman Flood
Salon

It works on hair of any texture . . . on any wave, natural or permanent . . . takes but four minutes! Hollywood stars are wildly enthusiastic over damp-setting—amazing discovery of a famous American beauty chemist. You will be, too, for damp-setting with VELMOL revives your waves and curls and gives your hair new, smart sheen.

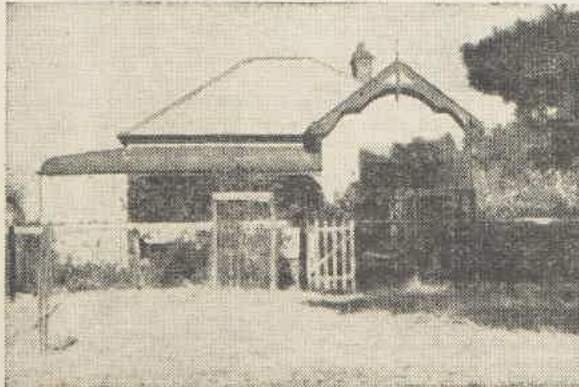
JUST THREE EASY STEPS in damp-setting. 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through your hair, and 3. Arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb—just as you like it best.

You'll be delighted! Hair looks so silky-soft and natural—never "stiff" or oily—and the wave stays put! Even a finger wave will last for days! Ask for VELMOL, from chemist, store or hairdresser.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney



His Parents: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Edmondson, of Forest Home, Liverpool, parents of the V.C. hero.



His Home: White house with the lovely name of Forest Home was the boyhood home of Corporal Edmondson, V.C. It is the homestead of a 600-acre property.

Councils' new home scheme



Plan to enable workers to buy a house for 17/6 week

A vast plan to relieve Sydney's acute house shortage is dazzling the eyes of home-hungry Sydneyites this week.

The scheme is out to satisfy every man's deep-seated desire to be king of his own castle and every woman's longing to be running the mop over her own home.

In practical terms the plan would make it possible for the basic wage earner to buy a house without deposit on payments of 17/6 a week.

MANY suburban municipal councils are concerned in the new plan which is outlined in a committee report made public last week.

"Housing is not something apart from the war effort," said Mr. J. H. Tonkin, M.L.C., a co-opted member of the committee. "You can't have a great united war effort without contented workmen and you can't expect men to be contented if they live in dumps or humpies."

"There's a shortage of 56,000 homes in New South Wales, and of 36,000 in the metropolitan area. It needs little imagination to guess what that means in discomfort and misery to thousands of families."

He underlined a paragraph in the committee's report which said: We have factories and "slums"—whether we like the word or not—besmirching our finest residential land. We have overcrowding in residential areas and hovels rapidly sapping our national health.

We have an acute shortage of decent healthy homes.

In fact, we have now reached the

stage when it can be truthfully said we have a shortage of slums!

"That's one of the reasons," said Mr. Tonkin, "why democracy is on trial. I have been among working men all my life and I know they are asking now why democracy can't give them decent living conditions."

"Our housing scheme shows that it can."

"The salaried and middle class workers have been provided for in some measure by building society, insurance company, and bank schemes into which their savings go as deposit and mortgage payments as rent."

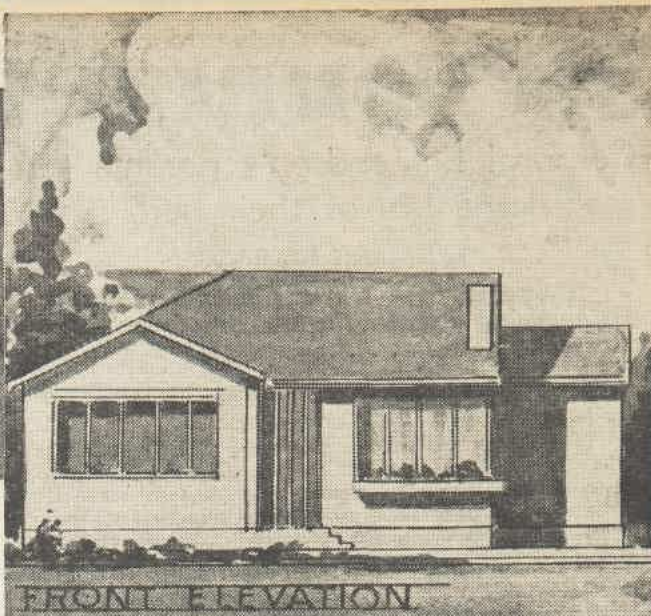
"But the basic wage earner, especially with children, can rarely find a deposit."

"When he attempts to acquire a home of his own, the effort becomes a struggle. He and his wife plan to do without everything but bare necessities to pay off perhaps 25/- a week."

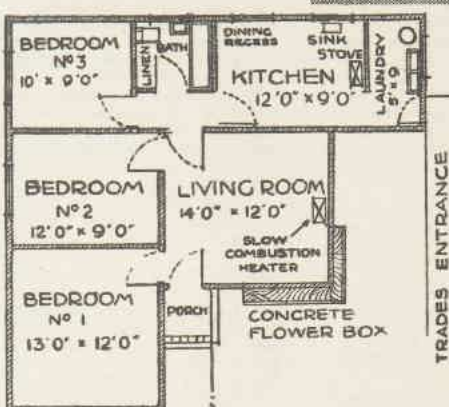
"Then comes sickness, or they may be tempted to have beef more often than bread and treacle and so rent payments fall behind."

"That is a tragedy that leaves bitterness and discontent as a legacy."

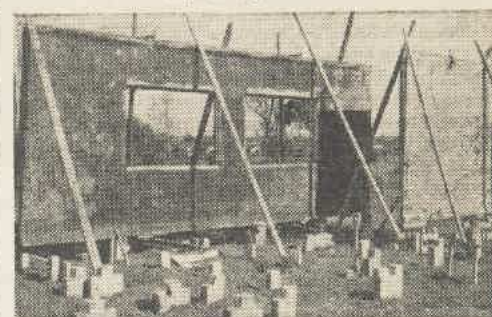
HAPPY FAMILY. New housing scheme is designed to bring content and happiness to 40,000 Sydney families. There is a shortage of 56,000 homes in N.S.W.



SKETCH of a home that could be built of concrete, with tile roof, for a little under £500. This price includes sufficient land for flower gardens in front, vegetable plot at back.



GROUND PLAN of the little home sketched above. It could be varied to provide for two larger bedrooms instead of three small ones.



METHOD of construction of concrete homes. The walls are laid down flat with windows cut in, then simply raised. Unskilled labor can build these homes with proper supervision.

"We must give the people homes they can afford to pay for, and still homes to be proud of."

"The committee's report covers homes from £650 to £1200. Homes may also be built costing from about £450. Mass production will keep costs down."

"But they will be real homes for all that."

"The prospective owner can have a share in their design. The housewife may choose her own colors. There is no reason why a prospective buyer should not submit his own plan for a council to price under the scheme."

"We have in mind concrete houses with tile roofs."

House proud

THESE would fulfil what I consider are vital conditions of such a scheme and of the present time.

"First, the home will be of a design and type of which the owner may be proud."

"Second, it can be mass produced but with infinite variety of design and detail."

"Third, the building will not depreciate rapidly or require maintenance beyond the resources of the owner. For instance, if you bump a chair into a plaster wall, you take a bit out of the wall, but if you bump a chair into a concrete wall you take a bit out of the chair!"

"The materials of construction are available in large quantities without impeding the war effort."

"The house can be constructed mainly by unskilled labor, and should an owner fall in his obligations—for there are exceptions to the good home owner—fumigation and reconditioning can be done cheaply."

"One home I saw would please any woman. It was painted a light battleship-grey, with window and door frames picked out in a bright green and a roof of terra-cotta tiles."

"It looked gay and homely, and is what we are out to produce—not mere dwellings without charm or individuality."

"The bathrooms will be equipped with gas-heaters where gas is available and chip-heaters if the scheme extends outside gas-supply areas. The kitchens will have gas or fuel stoves."

"Most of the designs have concrete window-boxes provided for and the blocks of land will be large enough to allow for flower gardens

in front and vegetable plots and drying grounds at the back."

"There is nothing impractical about the scheme, which has been fully investigated by the committee with a keen eye to the financial side."

The sub-committee's report, which will be considered at a conference of 29 municipal councils on July 31, shows that there is vacant land amounting to about 11,000 acres in the districts under consideration.

In the same area there are more than 20,000 sub-standard dwellings.

This area comprises the municipalities of Alexandria, Annandale, Ashfield, Balmain, Bankstown, Botany, Burwood, Canterbury, Concord, Darlinghurst, Drummoyne, Enfield, Erskineville, Glebe, Homebush, Leichhardt, Marrickville, Mascot, Newtown, Paddington, Petersham, Randwick, Redfern, St. Peters, Strathfield, Vaucluse, Waterloo, Waverley, Woollahra.

If the scheme goes through, a central controlling county council will be formed of representatives from the municipal councils and this will seek from the Government extended town-planning powers.

To this parent-council, each municipal council will bring its housing problems, and in this way each council will keep control of building in its own district.

The committee's report points out that the basic principle of the new scheme is to be sure that the weekly payment required for principal, interest, rates, insurance, and maintenance is within the means of the prospective home-owner.

It is estimated that the basic wage earner and those whose incomes are less than £5 a week can pay no more than 17/6 a week.

The Federal endowment scheme will help those whose larger families require larger houses to pay a little more.



SEMI-DETACHED concrete homes built at Fisherman's Bend, Victoria. Owner-tenant pays 17/6 a week. Cost of each is £560. They contain two bedrooms, living-room, kitchen, laundry, woodhouse.



INTERIOR of home pictured above.

SORRY-BUT YOU'RE WRONG



TRUE-WORRY, FEAR, EMOTIONAL STRAIN, START THESE ACIDS FLOWING

When excess acid forms in the stomach—you get indigestion. You must neutralise the excess acid. Bisurated Magnesia does this—that's why it stops indigestion pains in five minutes. Bisurated Magnesia spreads a protective lining over the stomach, neutralises burning excess acids, gives instant relief. Bisurated Magnesia is sold at the same price as ordinary stomach remedies. 2/6 large size, 1/9 standard size.

The Flying Piper

Now and again we have the pleasure of presenting to you a story that is definitely "different." Such a one is this delightful tale of a dour Scot and his strange role in the Grecian campaign.

THE Greeks have got a version of this, and it is a highly curious piece of reporting; fantastic and incomprehensible by the ordinary processes of reasoning. The Italian Alpini have also their side of the business—sultry and unprintable, as may be imagined. His Majesty's Royal Air Force, Middle Eastern Command, have another, and a girl in Cairo, Egypt, has a fourth.

None of them represents the truth in its complete form, and MacRimmon, who might possibly supply the deficiency, is still in an Athens hospital, looking cross-eyed and with a bump on his skull the size of an ostrich egg; so he isn't a great deal of use in elucidating a considerable mystery.

To begin with, MacRimmon was a piper. Where he hailed from, in Fortarshire, that meant precisely as much as saying porridge is made from oatmeal or the sun rises in the east.

For, up there, all MacRimmons are pipers by birthright, and have been ever since that original Dacian auxiliary of Agricola's got himself knocked on the head by the Picts at the battle of the Grampians, and presented—according to one legend—the bagpipes to Scotland.

Nineteen hundred years ago, that was, and since then there have been many MacRimmons, all of them wild men, all of them slightly on the screwy side by ordinary reckoning, and most of them master performers and magicians upon their chosen instrument.

Incidentally, they don't subscribe to that yarn about the Dacian having brought the pipes to Scotland. It isn't at all safe to mention it in their hearing.

Nothing, they aver, so excellent, so peculiarly magnificent and perfect, so utterly satisfying and MacRimmonesque could ever have come out of the East or any place else. Only Caledonia, stern and wild, could have engendered such a marvel, just as only Caledonia could have produced MacRimmons to play it.

Ullick Duncan MacRimmon held all these beliefs, and some more besides. He was by trade a motor mechanic in a Dundee garage, but when things began to grow hot around those parts, and Heinkels and Dorniers cavorted largely over the braes of his native Angus, he gave the matter due, methodical consideration and then slowly removed his overalls.

With the pipes under his arm, he sought the nearest R.A.F. recruiting station, six feet of solemn, dark Scotsman with a mission.

They looked at him and his burden with some amusement. "Hoots, awa' wi' ye, Jock!" they said. "It's the Black Watch you're wantin' down the road there."

But MacRimmon shook his head. "I'm wishin' for tae fly," he informed them. "I'm first class wi' engines, onyway."

Well, the upshot was, they took him on, though he most definitely didn't look the part of an airman—and that was where they were fooled, all right, for MacRimmon was a pure natural at that game. He ran the gamut of ground promotions in no time at all, begged and fleeced and bedeviled until they put him in the air, and once there, stayed there.

By the time summer lay heavy on the glens he was wearing the spread wings on his broad chest and the three chevrons on his arm. Flight-Sergeant U. D. MacRimmon—and where's yon billy Hitler now?

All very gratifying, to be sure, to authority; but there was still that piping of his. Up north, where a MacRimmon is always a MacRimmon, it went just fine, but then they sent him down into England in line of duty, and there was trouble in large gobs.

An air commodore held sway in those parts—a stout body, a bonny fighter, and a great scourge to the

Huns, but deficient in the root of the matter when it came to music. Upon a day, he stood at his office door. "Good heavens," he said in an awe-struck voice, "what's that?"

Down the lines among the Surrey pines, it rose and fell wild and weird, exotic as the honk of geese among the engine belowings and roarings of that place.

The commodore sniggered. "Fetch him here!" he ordained.

So they went and discovered MacRimmon, strutting in full blast, and improvising as he strutted, which it takes a MacRimmon to do. He seemed just a thought surprised when they interrupted him—such a solecism would never have happened in Scotland—but followed them amenably enough, the beribboned pipes still under his oxters.

The commodore was quite pleasant about it. "My dear boy," he said, returning MacRimmon's salute, "do you really have to make that frightful noise?"

"Sir-r?" MacRimmon looked blank, as if he had heard imperfectly.

"Those bagpipes," said the commodore. "Good gad, sergeant, not in the Air Force, man!"

"And for why not?" demanded MacRimmon tartly. "They're a verro sound set o' pipes, ma mannie,

By . . .
R. V. GERY

and the playin's as it should be, I'd have ye know."

It was all very regrettable, but the R.A.F. just didn't seem to understand at all, and MacRimmon was standing up for a sacred instrument, and all the MacRimmons for two thousand years back, and—well, there were words, leading to other words—in fine, a military scandal.

The air commodore was a decent loon, and possessed a sense of humor, too, but discipline is discipline, and the MacRimmon had a black, wicked Highland tongue on him when he got started.

"Go easy with him," said the commodore. "He's too good to break."

So, that destiny might be fulfilled, they put the wheels in motion and transferred Flight-Sergeant MacRimmon. They sent him

to Egypt, so that—as they imagined—he could blow his pipes there in peace and to his hearer's content. On the Sahara Desert, for choice, was the general thought.

He went on a troopship out of Bristol, and there were submarines and torpedoes and all the discomforts of modern war afloat.

MacRimmon, being what he was, just didn't give a hoot for such matters; there was excellent strutting to be had on the ship's forepeak, and the colonel commanding troops aboard was a MacLean of Skye, and an addict. So that, all down the Atlantic and through the Mediterranean, MacRimmon wooed the Muse unhindered, and many's the spring, many the rant, many the hot lick he coaxed from his responsive chanter.

By the time they made the Alexandria mole he was famous in the convoy, or infamous, as the flying piper.

In Egypt, though, things were different, and even MacRimmon had to allow that this was no time for further dalliance. They hustled him right away into a squadron of Gloster fighters, and sent him out over the blazing sands, there to tilt with Graziani's knights of the air. And it became obvious at once that the training centres at home hadn't missed their guess—he was a natural, all right; a natural fighter.

Experts began to prick up their ears and take note of this long, queer, brooding Scotsman.

For MacRimmon was a brooder, the victim of black fits now and again, like so many of his incomprehensible kind. A brigade major—he was a Campbell of Argyll—heard him play one day, and took a long, long look at him.

"Gad, that's genius, all right!" he exclaimed. "A MacRimmon, eh? They're a kittle bunch, the MacRimmons; he'll either get himself blotted or end up with everything that's to be had. I'd watch him, if I were you."

They watched him accordingly, more than a trifle puzzled by the Campbell man's appraisal, and MacRimmon thrived mightily among the combat units, and his temper grew worse and worse. He had a number of very remarkable ideas that September; one of which was that the desert operations were not his particular meat.

Please turn to page 16



YOU SHALL HAVE ROSES

A clever man, a resolute woman—they set themselves to a bitter duel of their wills. Its final outcome amazed them both.

GEOFFREY STAINE had gone straight across to the picture.

He was still there, and so absorbed that he did not even hear the quiet opening and closing of the door when Mrs. Bellamy came in.

He had been quite sure, when his glance about the restful, pretty drawing-room had discovered it, that the picture was of Verena; and he had been looking at it for some time before he realised with a little puzzled shock that it was not.

There was a delicate strength of character there that Verena, at eighteen, could hardly be expected to possess.

A cool voice spoke behind him: "Good afternoon, Mr. Staine." Geoffrey Staine turned quickly but without embarrassment, and saw the lovely face that had inspired that lovely picture.

That this was Verena's mother he could have no doubt. That the picture was of Verena's mother, painted many years ago, he had been prepared to accept, but that Verena's mother should still be the living counterpart of the picture startled him.

Mrs. Bellamy had given him her hand, cool like her voice. She withdrew it almost as soon as it touched his, and he understood that it was meant for nothing more than a gesture of courtesy; not of welcome. He knew then there was to be a battle, and braced himself.

Mrs. Bellamy offered him an armchair and sat down herself on a big chesterfield.

"You were looking at the picture," she said pleasantly. "It's very like Verena, isn't it, as she is now? Lots of people think it is her portrait. But it's not, of course; it's me. It was painted about five years ago, just before my husband died. So Verena and I are both five years older, which makes it more her portrait now than mine."

Geoffrey Staine astonished himself by saying:

"No one who had once seen you could really possibly be in any doubt."

She looked at him warily, and he realised with a little shock that she suspected him of employing that one weapon he had known would only do him disservice, his charm. She said, looking at him steadily:

"You came to talk about Verena, Mr. Staine."

"You were kind enough to send a message asking me to come. I hope," he added stiffly, "that you will believe me when I tell you I should have come before if Verena—"

She waited, unhelpful.

"Verena," said Geoffrey Staine, hearing a defiance in his voice which annoyed him, "wanted me to wait a little. I think it was a sort of childish game—having a secret. She is very young."

"Yes," agreed Verena's mother, gently amused, "she is very young."

"Eighteen," said Geoffrey Staine crisply. "Not too young to be thinking of marriage, nor to know her own mind."

"One may know one's own mind at eighteen, for the time being. But one doesn't know what one's mind may be a few years hence."

"That, surely, is a rather sweeping statement, and could apply to anyone at any age."

"Oh, certainly. And it should serve as a reminder how very careful one ought to be before persuading oneself that one's mind will never change."

"Life would be very dull," said Geoffrey Staine, "if one never took any risks."

"That is a man's philosophy. Women know, though sometimes they have to learn it first, that safety and security are what they need the most."

"Mrs. Bellamy, I am offering Verena safety and security; and a life-long devotion."

"Not life-long," said Mrs. Bellamy, very gently. Very pointedly.

An unaccustomed flush rose

slowly beneath the tanned skin of Geoffrey Staine's handsome face.

"Let us have it in plain words, Mrs. Bellamy. You think I am claiming too much?"

"I think," said Mrs. Bellamy incisively, "you are too old for Verena, Mr. Staine. And too—I beg your pardon, but I know no other word—notorious."

He took it gallantly, and chose his next words with infinite care.

"You cannot think that, now I have met Verena, my past indiscretions give me very great pleasure? Nor can you fail to realise that since for the first time in my life I am contemplating marriage all that is past is truly the past."

"That is immaterial, Mr. Staine. It is too long a past to inflict on a young and inexperienced girl."

"Perhaps you are unaware, Mrs. Bellamy, that Verena herself does not consider it an affliction?"

"If you mean, do I know that she knows—or, rather, thinks she knows—all about you, yes, I do. She was good enough to assure me that your numerous past affairs are common knowledge, and that as women nowadays are no longer ignorant of these matters they do not think any less of a man for indulging his natural instincts."

He looked at her, trying to read the thoughts that lay behind the precise tones in which she had recited the last part of her speech. He knew that the little shock he had received was due not to Verena's candor, but to hers.

"Did Verena say that?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. You cannot know Verena very well if you have any doubt of it."

"Yet a few moments ago you called her young and inexperienced!"

"Certainly. When one is very young one always talks most of the things one knows least about."

"Come, Mrs. Bellamy, we're getting nowhere. The all-important fact is that Verena—and I am not

insensible of the honor of her con-

fidence and trust—is willing to take me as I am."

Mrs. Bellamy said gently: "But I am not willing for her to take you—as you are, as you have been, or as you are likely to be."

"Are you refusing your consent to Verena's marriage with me?"

"I am quite definitely refusing it."

He was getting angry. He, Geoffrey Staine, who prided himself on never losing his temper when negotiating an important deal.

"Because you consider that I'm too old and too notorious?" he demanded.

"Those are two of the reasons."

"Oh! There is another?"

"I see no point in continuing this discussion, Mr. Staine."

He said furiously: "Mrs. Bellamy, I have a right to know your objections in full. It seems to me, so far, that you had decided on your attitude before you even met me. That is hardly fair. May I know your third reason for dismissing me so summarily? Perhaps it is of more recent determination than the other two?"

"No," said Mrs. Bellamy. "I thought of all three together. But I supposed the first two would be sufficient."

"The other reason is that on her twenty-first birthday my daughter inherits fifty thousand pounds."

It was some moments before the implication reached him. Then he laughed.

"I wonder if you know, Mrs. Bellamy, the amount of capital involved in the Staine Steel Company?"

"No," said Mrs. Bellamy serenely, "I don't. But I do know that in any business ready money from some outside source might at any time be useful."

Geoffrey Staine leant forward, his voice angry and challenging.

Mrs. Bellamy stamped out her cigarette, suggesting that the interview was over.

"Madam, are you for one moment suggesting that you suspect me of looking forward to the day when I can acquire your daughter's wealth for my own purposes? If you realised how ridiculous—"

"I'm not suggesting anything," said Mrs. Bellamy patiently. "But it is a possibility I have to bear in mind."

Geoffrey Staine sprang up. "Since you refuse to discuss the matter seriously, I see no object in prolonging this interview." It was a phrase he had used with good results on other occasions, but it occurred to him as soon as he had spoken that it was not going to be of much use to him now.

Indeed, Mrs. Bellamy stood up herself and stamped out her cigarette so quickly as to suggest that the interview was definitely over.

"Then good-bye, Mr. Staine. I am sure when you think things over quietly you will realise I am quite right. After all, it is not only a question of your being too old for Verena, but of Verena being too young for you. I expect you would find that out very quickly if, for instance, you were married to her."

There was a little unexpected silence.

Then Geoffrey Staine spoke stiffly:

"I think I ought to tell you that I had arranged to meet Verena at Bullett's for tea. Do you mind?"

"I mind very much. But I don't see what I can do about it. I can only ask Mr. Staine, that this shall be your last meeting with Verena."

Geoffrey Staine took courage.

"Mrs. Bellamy—look here, you don't know me. May I come again, here to your house? May I see Verena here in your company? And let us talk again when—when we know each other better."

She looked at him with eyes

Absorbing human-interest drama
by
JENETHEA YORK

faintly troubled, with something of appeal in the depths of the long look she gave him.

"Very well," she said, and turned away without another word.

Verena was waiting for him.

But the time of waiting was evidently passing very pleasantly. Both the Navy and the Air Force were in attendance. Verena introduced them carelessly:

"Tony Mulholland. Dicky Gray." And then, with delicious pride in her voice: "Darlings, this is Geoffrey Staine."

They knew of him, of course. Everyone knew of the man who was leading Britain's industries in the great drive to increase the output of armaments. There was admiration in their clear young eyes and the grip of their lean, brown young hands. Yet suddenly he knew he would give all that he had won for himself to be as they were; strong in their joyous, challenging youth.

"I think you're too old for Verena, Mr. Staine." He thrust the memory of those words fiercely from his mind, only to find himself wondering why young Mulholland was giving him that long, searching glance, and looking at last thoughtfully, deliberately from him to Verena.

He took her arm.

"Come, let's find a table. What about you boys? You're off? Well, I hope we meet again."

Verena pressed her arm confidently against his as they walked on.

"Now tell me quickly," she commanded, when they had found a table, "What did Mummy say?"

All the way there Geoffrey had been debating just how much he should tell her; now he made up his mind. He said casually:

"I have your mother's permission to visit your house."

Verena looked at him a moment in surprise.

"But aren't we engaged?"

"Not yet," said Geoffrey, and laughed. And felt a little naive surprise that his laughter was quite genuine.

"Goodness!" said Verena. "What did Mummy say? I really thought I'd made everything perfectly simple for you. But, of course, she does take her responsibilities for me so seriously, poor sweet. She didn't raise objections, did she?"

"I think," said Geoffrey cautiously, "she feels she would like to know me better before she commits herself."

"But it's me she's committing," protested Verena. "And I know you quite well enough."

"Do you?" said Geoffrey, smiling. He straightened himself and said abruptly:

"Tell me about your mother."

"About Mummy?" Verena said confusedly. "She's sweet, isn't she? She's had rather a rotten time, you know. I expect that's why she's so anxious about me."

"A rotten time? Has she?" Geoffrey was surprised. "In what way?"

"Why, with my father, you know," Verena explained. "He wasn't very nice to her. He was much older. She was eighteen when she married, just like me. And I suppose it made him jealous; but you wouldn't be, would you? I mean, I suppose he thought other men admired her. Well, she is so lovely, isn't she? And then he used to pretend—it must have been only pretending because just as if Mummy would—that he thought she'd married him for his money. He used simply to rage at her sometimes. It was dreadful." For a moment she was a little girl again, cowering wide-eyed and terrified at the sound of the harsh, sarcastic voice.

Geoffrey put his hand quickly over hers and held it strongly. Verena gave him a little grateful smile.

"I remember a lot of it, but Tony—Tony Mulholland, whom we met just now—has told me things, too. He thinks Mummy's the most wonderful person. His father knew my father, you see, and Tony says he used to try and make things better for Mummy, but it wasn't much good. And do you know, when my father died he hadn't left a penny for Mummy. All the money is in trust for me. The lawyers have to pay out so much for our expenses every month till I'm twenty-one."

Please turn to page 26

THE peaceful calm of Tenacres is shattered by the return of its owner, BASIL HOULT, supposedly killed in an aeroplane accident a year before.

ALICE, his wife, who has remarried, JENNY SHORE, her sister, and MARY CHACE, who has inherited Basil's estate, are panic-stricken.

A few hours after his return Mary finds Basil murdered in the garden. Jenny persuades her to conceal the body and the facts of Basil's return, but DR. TOMMY TUCKER, summoned by Mary in her first moments of panic, forces the story from them and, despite entreaties, sends for the police.

Alice, found to be missing, is thought to have fled to her husband, ROBERT BLAKE, who is in America on business. Suspicion closes round members of the household, but a fresh clue is provided by COLLINS, the watchman, who reports having seen a strange man in the grounds.

Neighbors visiting the household, including CYNTHIA and RODNEY LOVEDAY and ALASTAIR EVANS, are questioned by police. Tom tries to get more details from Jenny and she reproaches him for bringing in the police.

NOW READ ON.

IF you wanted to help you'd leave us alone," cried Jenny to Tommy Tucker. "You'd call off Walters and all those men. You—"

"Jenny, I can't do that. Not when it's murder. You don't understand."

"I understand well enough. You're putting a—ah hobby—that's what it is to you—criminology and all that. Just a hobby. And you're putting it before—"

"Before what, Jenny?"

"Before me!" flamed Jenny. "Before your friends. Before decency and loyalty and—"

"I'm putting nothing before loyalty," said Tom. "And it isn't merely a hobby, and it is a part of my profession in a way that you—"

"I suppose you are going to say I wouldn't understand," said Jenny. "Well, who would understand such—such cruelty?"

Tom's tanned face had a grey look. "Very well, Jenny. You seem to have covered everything. Now let's get down to business. Where's Alice?"

That pulled her up short. She drew in her little claws like a frightened kitten, and was silent a while. Then she said at last: "Have you found her?"

"No. You know that. We can't even find a trace of her going. She must have gone by train, but there's only one train from Little Turnford, and that's at three o'clock in the morning and goes north, and Alice didn't get on it. Not at Little Turnford, anyway; there were no passengers. And that's the only way out for her. There's no bus till morning, and the bus goes through the Little Turnford crossing, which is twelve miles from here."

"Nobody has seen her. Nobody knows anything about her. The only possibility is walking, and I don't see Alice doing that."

I interrupted: "You had just got home, hadn't you, Tom, when I telephoned to you?"

Tom said something like "Eh!" in a rather startled way, and I pressed the point. "It was after two o'clock. What time did you leave here, Tom? After you saw Jenny and Basil, I mean."

He grinned a little, but he still looked rather queer and said: "I don't know. About one, I imagine. And you're right, I didn't get home till about two, and I came in just as George was at the telephone telling you I wasn't in. But I assure you that I didn't shoot Basil."

I thought back; I had heard no car, but there would have been time, driving as Tom drives, to leave Tenacres immediately after the shot was fired and reach his own telephone by the time I rang him up. Barely time, but time.

A small spark came into Jenny's eyes and she said in too sweet a voice: "Where had you been in the interval, Tommy? Let's exchange alibis."

"All right. I drove out in the country to see a patient. Now let's have yours. Where were you between one and two?"

The little spark that made Jenny seem more like herself vanished as unexpectedly as it came, and a blank, stiff look came over her face.

"I've told you. And I've told Walters," she said.

BRIEF RETURN

Tension rises high in our engrossing mystery serial.

Tom's eyes met only defiance in hers; after a moment he got up and said to me: "Miss Mary—stroll down to the drive with me, will you?"

I rose, of course. Jenny, somewhat baffled, but still deeply defiant, watched us go.

But we didn't walk down the drive way. We went instead across the lawn with the shadows of the sun slanting as they had done, tranquilly, the day before when we'd had tea quietly and talked, Jenny and Rodney and Cynthia, of the kitten and Basil's dog. With Alice knitting and me listening and feeding the swans.

It was only twenty-four hours ago. It seemed incredible.

We reached the lake and the little wooden footbridge and walked upon it. No one was visible along the winding path which leads from the other end of the narrow little bridge through the woods beyond. Tom leaned his elbows on the railing and looked down at the flat, placid lake. It required no great perspicacity to guess he had something to say to me.

Abruptly Tom said, without looking at me, "We've found it. The revolver."

I believe I took hold of the railing. I knew what was coming. It came. "It was in the river. Just below where Basil was shot. And it's Jenny's revolver. I couldn't keep Walters from knowing; he got the number from it."

He turned then, seeking my eyes with a terrible, deep question in his own. But he didn't say a word about the knife.

Jenny didn't kill anybody, if that's what you mean," I said definitely. And as I said it a very strange thing happened to me, and that was instant and unquestionable conviction that I spoke the truth.

From the first there had been everything against Jenny.

I knew her hatred of Basil; her love and feeling of the heaviest possible obligation to Alice. I had happened upon her when she was in the very act of taking something from the drawer in which she kept her revolver. She had not been in her room when I was there and heard the sound of the shot. She had been downstairs when I returned from finding Basil. She had been fully dressed and her bed wasn't touched at two o'clock in the morning, and she had no excuses for me. She had pleaded with me, had actually persuaded me, temporarily, to make a foolish attempt to hide Basil's body.

But she hadn't killed Basil; I was suddenly as certain of it as that I was standing there on the little bridge. But I couldn't avoid seeing the train of evidence leading to Jenny.

And unfortunately the evidence remained. I could not expect Tom

"You haven't had any burglar have you?" he said sardonically. "If so, it wasn't reported."

"No. But—oh, there are a hundred ways in which the gun could have been removed. Perhaps Jenny herself brought it downstairs and left it somewhere—"

After a moment he said, "We haven't had the ballistics report yet. Until then, there is no proof that it was that revolver that was used." It was a statement, not particularly hopeful.

"You have the bullet that killed Basil?" I asked.

"Naturally. The revolver was loaded; one shot had been fired from it."

"Tom, you—you can't suspect Jenny?" I faltered.

He didn't answer at once, and when he replied I wished he hadn't, for he only said, still not looking at me: "I didn't think so last night."

"And now—"

Again he didn't reply; the water sparkled gently below us and up in the garden someone turned on the sprinkling system again and we could hear the soft fall of water.

"You see," said Tom finally and obliquely, "we've got to find Alice."

"Do you mean—"

"I mean," said Tom brusquely, as if he'd reached some decision, "that Alice has a tremendous influence over Jenny. A ridiculous influence upon her. Alice—well, you know Alice, Miss Mary. She's no martyr; in fact, she's an extraordinarily selfish young woman. Oh, I know how Basil treated her and how it affected Alice. Basil's will was stronger and Basil's selfishness more ruthless, and Alice's little ego died hard. But Jenny is absurdly devoted to Alice."

"Listen to me, Tom Tucker. If you mean that Alice wanted Basil out of the way and persuaded Jenny to kill him, it—why, it's absurd. Jenny's got too much sense. You can't seriously consider such a far-fetched hypothesis."

"I don't mean anything," he said. "Let's go back to the house."

Please turn to page 28

By Mignon G. Eberhart

or the police to share or accept my own sudden and wholly instinctive conviction.

"Did you know Jenny had a revolver?" asked Tom.

There was, of course, no use in evading. "Yes, she had a revolver. She bought it some time ago. In March, I think. We were alone so much and the house so far from the road. We thought it a good idea to have a revolver in the house."

He frowned down at the water. His face was brown and hard and altogether unfathomable. "Who took care of it—you or Jenny?"

"I—I believe it was somewhere in Jenny's room, but anyone could have had access to it. There are no locks in her room. And it's been months since I've seen the thing. Anybody could have taken it, Tom—callers, servants—anybody prowling through the house—"



Mary turned in fear as the form outside the window moved hurriedly out of sight.

THE GORDIAN KNOT

The crack of a whip . . . the flash of a sword. Justice came swiftly to avenge a wrong

SIR ARTHUR CROSBIE was with the King at Oxford, as was the duty of a man of honor, whilst at his seat of Milton Court, thirty miles away, my Lord Belsingham sought to be merry with Sir Arthur's lady.

A self-indulgent fellow, troubled by no sense of duty either to King or Parliament, his lordship discovered in the prevailing anarchy and confusion of the realm the greater licence for a gay conduct which had been a source of tears to many.

To my Lady Crosbie it was merely a source of scorn, and she was at such pains to make this clear that it was no fault of hers if she was not understood until she had laid the lash of her riding-whip across my lord's florid countenance.

Her merely verbal rebuffs had been accepted as expressions of coyness, or invitations to a greater ardor, and my lord's ardor was inexhaustible in the pursuit of any wife but his own.

It was in the liberal display of it one day, in an orchard meadow by the Cherwell, under apple trees in blossom, that he came upon trouble.

"It does you no honor to utter, my lord," she coldly reproved him, "nor me to hear, words that should be spoken only to your lady."

"Slidikins!" he crowed. "My wife? Where shall I find her? You've surely heard that the heartless jade has left me?"

"Oh, yes, I've heard. And in what circumstances!"

Tone and glance were of scorn unutterable. Some weeks ago the countryside had been agog with the ugly tale of how my Lady Belsingham, weary of blows and insults and in terror for her life, had fled one night from his seat at Broughton, and by her flight had supplied him the occasion for some merry sport.

HE had hunted her with his hounds, and had she not destroyed the scent by wading through the shallows of the river for a mile or more it was likely the beasts would have made an end of her. Not since that night had she been seen again.

My lord, however, was not to be put out of countenance by the reminder. "I doubt you'll have been heeding the foul lies of the countryside."

"Are they lies? Where is my Lady Belsingham?" she asked with an air of challenge. "It's a question that Sir Arthur may come to put to you. For you'll not have forgotten that she was his cousin."

"Life, madam, am I to be called to account because she's forsaken me? A petulant, puling creature, that was never a proper mate for me."

"I wonder where you would find a proper mate?"

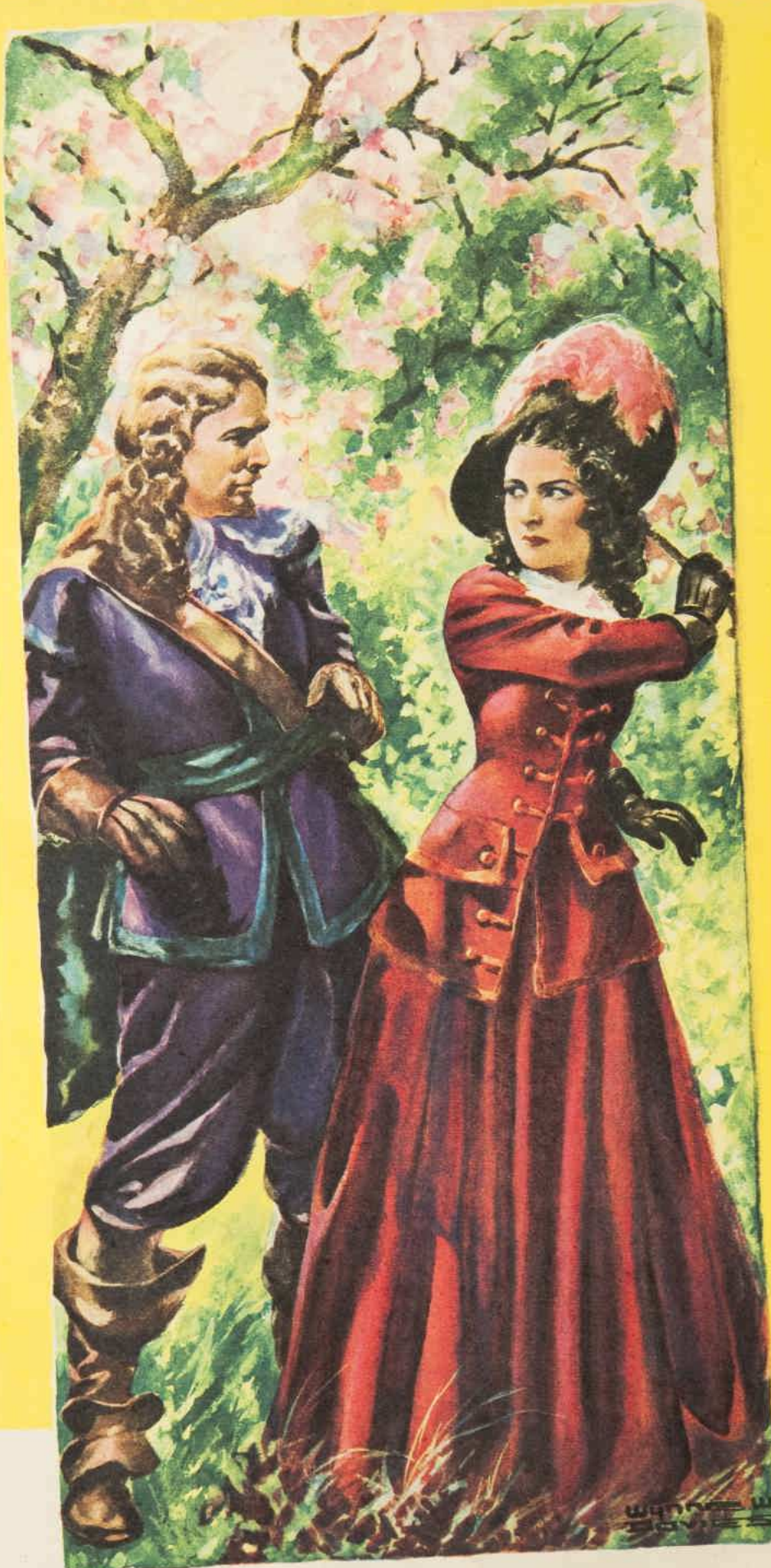
"Will you tease me with that question? Isn't it enough to madden a man with your beauty, must you scourge him with your tongue?"

"Be content that I employ no other weapon."

He stood and stared at her in half-lauding incredulity. Here, he opined, was a fortress to be taken by assault.

"Never scowl so," he admonished her. "Come, Kate. Kiss and be friends." And in his jovial, laughing way he laid boisterous hands upon her.

It was then, under his touch, that her little lingering patience broke. She shook herself free, and stepped back to get her distance. "You will have it," she said, and lashed him across the face with her riding-whip.



"Perhaps you'll pay heed to this," Kate said angrily, as she raised her whip.

"Perhaps you'll pay heed to that, since you pay no heed to words."

So well did he heed it that his joviality perished. The beast in him was revealed in his snarl, as his hands flew to nurse his seared countenance.

"You cursed jade! You wild-cat! You need taming."

"Not at your hands, my lord," she answered him, regally cold. "If you crave satisfaction, Sir Arthur shall yield it to you. He shall hear of this. Meanwhile you'll come no

more to Milton, for if you come you will not be received."

He took an abusive, foul-mouthed leave, and went off in a rage with a vanity as lacerated as his countenance. If in the past his gallantries had known denials, at least none had ever been expressed in violence, still less with the threat of an avenging husband. With his amazement was blent a certain apprehension. Sir Arthur Crosbie was something of a fire-eater, jealous of his rights, and ready at need to

maintain them with a sword. If her ladyship's threat was not idle, there might be some unpleasantness to follow.

The gods, however, it seemed, were on his side. So within a week or so of that deplorable business under the apple blossoms, a piece of scandal reached his lordship, in which he perceived his profit.

It was conveyed to him by Parson Strong, whom he met in the village street. The parson, a high-church man of the strongest royalist sym-

Dramatic short story by

RAFAEL SABATINI

pathies, had begun by bewailing the godless disloyalty that plagued the land.

"God save his Majesty from these rebellious villains, as He surely will, for it cannot be the Divine pleasure that tapsters and town 'prentices under such misguided knaves as this Colonel Cromwell, of whom we've lately heard a deal, should set themselves up against men of honor."

Dolefully he shook his grey head. "There's wickedness in the very air these days, my lord, and to be found where least expected. Who would believe that Sir Arthur Crosbie's lady, over at Milton, should be sinfully neglectful of her wifely duty what time her knight is at the King's side, away at Oxford?"

My lord stood fingering his tuft of golden beard, and conceiving that this scandal was concerned with himself. "Why," he blustered, stammering a little, "What have you been heeding, parson?"

Forth came an incredible tale of a young lover that Lady Crosbie was harboring in her very house of Milton Court.

"A LOVER, do you say?" My lord was almost scornful of the tale.

"Well may you disbelieve. But I hope I am not the man to slur a lady's reputation without sound evidence. The evidence of my own eyes." And he went on to relate how, riding two days ago by Milton Court, and chancing to look over a hedge, he had beheld my lady sauntering in the garden with a slim, foppish fellow, all silks and ribbons. They were embracing.

"Embracing!" growled his lordship in quest of details.

"Embracing," the parson insisted. "They sauntered, as it were, enlaced; each with an arm about the waist of the other. And as if that were not enough, presently as I watched, as I observed them, this outrageous fop pulled her to him yet more closely and fell to kissing her, in the course of which, happening to raise his eyes, he saw me. At that they fell apart in guilty confusion, and fled to hide their shame. Yesterday I paid a visit to the Court, and old Giles, Sir Arthur's servant, was forced to confess to me that this gallant is staying in the house. In the house, my lord, and Sir Arthur at the wars."

"Who is the man?" demanded the scowling Belsingham.

"Your lordship's indignation does you honor. Who is he? That I could not learn. I do not think he can be of these parts. A mere stripping he seemed to me; but already ripe in the ways of wickedness. My lady, as I know, possesses no brother or other male kin with whom in honesty she could be so fond. I went there on a visit of remonstrance, as becomes my office. But in her wantonness she was moved to mirth. She never troubled to deny the thing, but just mocked me for my pains."

My lord's full lips twitched unpleasantly under his fair moustache; his blue eyes were hard.

He was galled by what he had learnt, scolding a woman who whilst deep in a shameless intrigue with some popinjay should assume against himself a panoply of prudery and threaten him with a husband's wrath. Presently he came to perceive how the husband's part should be to avenge a rejected lover upon an accepted one. He found the notion not only exquisitely humorous, but also possessing the advantage of securing him from any such reckoning with Sir Arthur as he had been dreading.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

July 19, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

9

JUMPER SUITS ...

for evening chic

● The "Little Women" trend interpreted with a long, slim-fitting sweater-top in black velvet and a spinning skirt in pastel-pink taffeta spotted with black. Touches of the pink finish the neckline and sleeves. (Below.)

● Blithe gesture to the navy—a frock of brilliant royal-blue sheer, with accordion-pleated skirt and sleek sweater-top highlighted with a sailor collar of gleaming white paillettes with a band of blue sequins. (Above.)

● A brand-new favorite in the black-and-white combination is this frock, with its slender black skirt cheered with a longish separate jacket in white linen, with side closing and sleeves edged with a ruffle of cotton lace. (Above centre.)

● A "poured-in" top, moulded over the hips and made of deep purple velvet enhanced with a finely-pleated skirt in vivid green chiffon scattered with tiny sprays of multi-colored flowers. (Above right.)

Reims

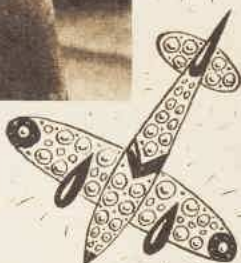


TEEN STYLES...

Blithely young and gay



• A youthful career girl in Dorville's adaptation of the military coat, buttoned snugly from waist to Peter Pan collar. Buttons also fasten the upturned pockets, and the skirt has most of the fullness drawn to the back.



It's the Fashion

TO WEAR

KAYSER
MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY

For the daily round . . . KAYSER Stockings! Sturdy "Twyn-Sylks" for work and sports. Elegant Mir-o-Kleer Sheers to accompany afternoon frocks. On the dance-floor, go grand in Kayser Super Sheers. "Twyn-Sylks" from 4/11. Mir-o-kleer Sheers and Super Sheers 5/11 to 9/11.

A modern Sir Walter said, "Ooh! Permit me to fasten your shoe!"
He went on, "I admit
"Those stockings have 'It,'
"They're by Kayser—their fit is so true!"



• Two young things in trim tailleurs. The one at the left tops a black wool skirt with a beige wool jacket with softly curved shoulders. The other wears black sheer twill bound in satin and worn with a frilly white jabot. (Above.)

+ +

• Flared tunic-length coat of black wool slimly fitted over a frock of red, white, and black printed silk. The ruffled bib collar is echoed in the deep ruffle hem of the dress. (Right.)



• Beguilingly simple style that is perfect for dinner and a show. Made in soft aqua wool with primly buttoned bodice and circular swing skirt. With it brown furs and a brown halo bonnet.

PRETTY . . . is the word for tweeds

Months ago couturiers realised that since the modern woman was bound to have a practical and long-wearing wardrobe the one-time homely tweed suit must be given new glamor and sophistication.

BY
ALISON SETTLE
IN LONDON

MODERN tweeds with their diversity of coloring and design made this comparatively easy, and to-day we have Hartnell, Molyneux, Paquin, Isobel, and Jacqmar using tweeds for suits that a little while ago would have appeared in such fabrics as velvet, satin-cloth, corduroy and taffeta.

Isobel particularly has concentrated on the town-or-country tweed, producing suits that would look equally well—with a change of accessories—in a West End restaurant or a pony-trap on Ex-moor.

It is not so long ago that tweeds were thick and hairy. Now they are delicately light in colors—pastels as well as classic checks and dark plains are used. They are feather-weight in weave and soft as one could wish. Still they retain that particular genius in weaving, dyeing, and finishing that belongs to tweeds.

Once tweeds were regarded as sporting wear only. Tweeds on the Scottish moors when shooting or "following the guns." A fabric was needed which would stand up to all weathers, would never tear, never get out of shape and which, in color, would be invisible to birds.

Invisible to the birds! The weavers and dyers of tweeds in those days should see the newest collections now brought out in London for the following winter.

Here are some at random from Gardiner, of Selkirk. First, shot effects in two-tone, close and tiny diagonal lines put so near together as to give the effect of shot color. What color? Royal-blue and a rich brown give a violet effect (both Molyneux and Hartnell are particularly keen on violet tweeds in their new clothes) . . . red-and-blue shot; blue-and-black.

Clear and light and young, that is the color effect. Sometimes stripes



ON SUNNY DAYS in London parks you would see these tweeds—beautifully cut, simply designed and impeccably worked. The girl on the left wears a brown, dark green, and cream checked suit, and the other selects a green-and-beige basket-patterned tweed. Models by Bridbury.

cut across these fine shot effects. A lime-and-gold may have quite a bright blue drawing lines down it here and there.

Pretty colors, those are the newest in tweeds. Imagine one in this collection in parma-violet, softened by the overtone of angora hairs. Or in pinks, in bright rose, in a bright green. It has its companion in the shape of a plaid to go with it, here again with the angora overtone.

Bright big overchecks lie against a background of tiny paler checks, picking up the pink (or the mauve or green as the case may be) of the plain companion fabric.

Pink is something new in tweeds. It is used against all the exquisitely feminine pale greys of the season. The combination gives the exact shades of the softly sinking sun against the grey, misty air.

Sometimes there are rich tartan colorings on tweed. Rodier of London (remember that Rodier, though a French wool merchant, took much of his wools from Scotland and England, though he had them recolored to his taste) has plain wools and then tartan tweeds matching

PALE, mist-grey tweed with a very faint pink stripe is used for this Matita suit with finely-pleated skirt and long, slender jacket with unusual pocket treatment.



ISOBEL'S superbly-fitting suit in primrose-yellow tweed with unusual yoke and sleeves in clay over-checked with pottery-brown.

them, some with white backgrounds for holiday wear.

This collection also features stripes set on to a close, in conspicuous background design, in this case rope-twist stripes of lovely color, apricot or yellow on grey leading in colors. And they, too, have the shot diagonal effects, in lime (formed by green with some red), red-

and-blue, red-and-black.

Limes, greens, yellows are the outstanding impression at this collection, both in checks and in plains. Yes, and also with stripes, for on the plains often a twist stripe or a chalk stripe is laid, quite far apart and quite fine in touch . . . but tweed and tweed are not necessarily always used together.

After limes, yellows, greys, cool blues, the range of snuff, tan cafe-au-lait and biscuit tones spring to the eye in Glenurquhart checks, houndstooth and clear checks, sometimes coffee-and-milk tones with apricot overchecking, sometimes with reds.

Creed emphasises the stripe or check overcolor in his suits and coats, however delicate it may be, by having slits cut at the back of the revers or collar, through these a scarf in the dominating color is passed and tied, say in apple-blossom-pink or in ice-blue.

There were any number of beautifully-made tailored dresses with tiny belts, tiny turnover collars of pique worn with single-breasted fitted jackets, chiefly with seam-slit pockets.

Pleats in skirts were often cut on the cross. Some skirts had intricately-cut yokes to flatten the hip-lines, just as the jackets had yokes, sometimes with zigzag edges, sometimes veering down the back to a brief inset back belt. Buttons were all small and flat. Some revers were inset into the jacket, only an edge being loose.

Molyneux, who has recently returned to London from America, says that Americans are crazy over our tweeds and tweed suits, and will buy almost any amount of them, as they will our printed wools and higher-priced velveteens.

"What they don't want," he is telling everyone, "are silk and artificial silk goods which they can make much more cheaply than we can, and also the very glamorous evening frocks which were once in such great demand."

"No one is wearing them now. Americans have taken to wartime dinner dresses, just as we have in London."

New trends

AND what does the dress world do with its tweeds when they are woven, colored, and sold to them? Here, at random, are some recollections of how these fabrics have been used.

Molyneux uses the tweed for big coats which swing from the very neckline, the fullness set towards the shoulders and sleeve-line, and that sleeve-line often set in raglan-wise, or at any rate without the padding of past seasons. He uses fine flannels or fine worsteds for the dresses that go under, emphasising their seams with rich lines of color.

Hartnell, whose suits are the high point of his recent collection, makes brief, close, single-breasted jackets and hems his wider skirts with an





• 1. A youthful, boxy suit in fine black worsted, made perfectly straight from shoulder to hem and reviving the open sleeve. The jacket is hiplength and features four pockets.

TAILORED LINES

Four easy-to-wear and flattering styles to bid a smart farewell to winter.

SKETCHED BY PETROV



INDIVIDUAL hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrov and Rene, and all overseas fashion photos. Prices from 3/6.

Send to our Pattern Department for a free self-measurement form.



**I'D SOON CURE
THAT, IF HE
WERE MY CHILD!**



MOTHER-IN-LAW: "Look at him! Always hanging around the house! He's turning into a real 'mother's boy'!"
JOAN: "Freddie's alright. Trouble is he isn't as strong as he should be. Hardly touches his food at all nowadays."



MOTHER-IN-LAW: "Ach! You give in to him too much!"
JOAN: "You don't understand! He's so highly strung and nervous. I'd better take him along to see Dr. Jordan."



DOCTOR: "Mrs. Thompson, Freddie's troubles are really due to his sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heart beats and breathing at night also use up energy. Naturally, if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run-down. It's Night-Starvation, so give him Horlicks."



JOAN: "Look at Freddie now! You can't call him a sissy!"
MOTHER-IN-LAW: "Joan, you were right! He's a different boy altogether these days! I'd never have believed it!"

HORLICKS

GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

• 2. High fashion novelty with future significance is the smooth shoulder suit, with black skirt and white jacket with deep armhole.

• 3. Simple black frock printed in white and worn with a white wool, slit-side, Chinese coat having epaulet shoulder adaptation.

• 4. Light-grey woollen suit with easy fullness above the belt and softly pleated skirt and with it a red cape lined with lime-green.

The Secret of LUXURIANT HAIR



How often have you envied the thick, glossy, sparkling hair that is the pride of some girls? How often has your own dull, lifeless, "mousy" hair distracted you as you struggle to get it looking nice for that appointment?

Don't think you must put up with "ordinary" hair or ugly dandruff flakes. The secret of rich, luxuriant locks is simple—Crystolis vitalising treatment! Begin to-night to massage fragrant Crystolis Rapid into your scalp. Tingling, deep-penetrating Crystolis acts three ways to beautify your hair. . . . It cleanses and refreshes; it destroys dandruff and tones up the scalp; it

checks falling hair and stimulates new, vigorous hair growth. Act now to give your hair rich, glowing lustre, to develop strong, luxuriant growth—shimmering with the "life" and sparkle of perfect health. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for Crystolis Rapid to-day, and start the Crystolis vitalising treatment to-night.



CRYSTOLIS
Recognised as World's most effective Scalp Treatment and Aid to Hair Growth.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Country life ain't what it's cracked up to be!

Where to park the feet is soldiers' biggest problem

Dear Mother,—As you will see we have changed our address and we are now living in the country.

We are camping out in tents which I used to think was a posh kind of holiday, you know, a cut above sleeping on the beach, but holiday is the one thing it ain't, not in the army, anyhow.

THE country ain't what it's cracked up to be. They say what a quiet place it is. I don't see how they make that out with cows mooing and sheep baaing all day.

Blime if they were motor cars in a town the police would nab 'em for excessive hooting and creating a disturbance or breaking the peace. And at night you can't get a wink of sleep for the birds, they go base, baritone, treble, and alto and some with bad colds.

If ever I said anything about not having much privacy in barrack you can wash it out, I didn't know nothing then. When you are living twelve in a tent you can't so much as change your mind without letting everyone know.

We don't have beds in tents, there isn't room so we have to sleep on the floor with a kitbag for a pillow which is a bit nobbly especially if you happen to strike your spare pair of boots.

In the morning you are as stiff as a board. Probably that's why they give you physical jerks just before breakfast it certainly takes the starch out of your back, but oh my the first time you touch your toes.

I thought maybe I'd got a touch of screws but the M.O. only gave me a number nine which is army for about half a box of pills.

We don't need no bugle to get us up at reveille. Yes for the first time in his life your loving son is glad to get up before it's light, in fact there don't seem to be much point in going to bed at all for the amount of sleep you get. What wouldn't I give to be back in barrack, straight I didn't know when I was well off.

It's bad enough when the weather is fine but when it's wet it's awful. The tents are supposed to be water-tight so long as you don't touch them on the inside but somehow or other they always do get touched just above where I happen to be sleeping. Those Chink yarns about the water torture always used to make me laugh.

When it rains you are supposed to slack off the ropes to hold the tent up, well aperiently we forgot the first night it rained. It was windy, too, and the first thing we know about anything wrong is when the tent comes down on top of us.

Talk about a barney, I don't suppose you've ever tried to get a wet tent up in a howling gale in the dark, well if you haven't take my advice and don't start.

All round the tent there is a little ditch to hold the water and as soon as I went out to help with the guy ropes I put my foot in it right over the top of my boot.

Well we never did get the tent up again that night. After struggling with it for about an hour we gave it up and made a dash for the mess tent where we spent the rest of the night on the tables. Even under the marquee I managed to find a drip and they made us scrub the tables down before breakfast in the morning.

Sleeping tricks

PRETTY near every night there is an argument about feet but it ain't one of them theoretic arguments. It all boils down to this that there ain't as much room at the centre of a circle as there is round the ring and some people's feet are bigger than their heads.

Take Sid, for instance who sleeps next to me, he takes size 7 in cadis and size 11 in boots and he's only got one head which is quite enough especially if he has ate onions for supper.

Well first of all we pile our rifles (yes we got all our belongings in the tent with us) round the tent pole, well that's O.K. if the rifles are properly fixed but it's no joke I can tell you to have a rifle fall across your shins just when you are dreaming about a fish-and-chip supper. Then we lie down like the spokes of a wheel only more so from which you will see that there ain't much room for feet.

The first night I took my boots off to go to bed but I know better. The only thing is there ain't no mat



Dear Mother
Being the letters home of a soldier son

By DOUGLAS COMPTON-JAMES

"I stepped on a bloke's face but he hadn't got sense to keep still and his wriggling fetched me down."

sour about it too. Blime that's the sort of officer you want, I been on double rations by order ever since and I'm doing a treat. Still I wish we was back in barrack even if it meant swopping the major for Flash Alf.

Well I must close now hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present.

Your loving son, *Willie*

Another letter from Private Willie next week.

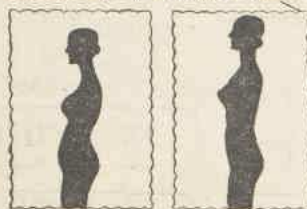
INSTANTLY REDUCE YOUR WAIST & HIPS



Wear a **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET** to secure a slender, graceful figure. Reduce 2 inches in 10 days. It slims your hips and waist and flattens your abdomen with positive frontal control. Its gentle, almost imperceptible, massage-like action reduces your waistline and beautifies your figure with every move you make. Consider these 5 exclusive features of the **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET**:

- 1 Positive cross-over frontal control—no busks or lacing—no back opening.
- 2 Simplified, adjustable fastening, allowing for reduction of waist and hips.
- 3 Special spiral boning for comfort, flexibility and figure beauty.
- 4 Imperial elastic inserts, under positive stretch control, assuring NO BULGES and gentle changing pressure for reduction of waistline and hips.
- 5 Figure Control Corset tailor-made to any desired length.

BANISH FIGURE SAG



See the difference between ordinary DOWN-PULL and **FIGURE CONTROL UPLIFT**. The graph on the right shows how **FIGURE CONTROL** supports the spine as Nature intended—gives you taller, slimmer, smoother lines.

FIGURE CONTROL CORSET sent to you on 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Try the **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET** for 7 days to prove that it will reduce your waist and hips, give comforting support and uplift to your abdomen, and lovely slim, youthful grace and energy to your figure. Every Corset supplied is NEW, direct from the work-rooms in the wearers. If not perfectly satisfied, you can return the Corset, and the test will not cost you a penny. City and suburban residents are invited to call for a **FREE TRIAL FITTING** and demonstration of the **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET**. If you cannot call, be sure to post the **FREE** coupon, **TO-DAY!**

Beware of Imitations!

A corset made to look like a **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET**, but which is not in any way as satisfactory, is certainly not good enough for you, and would be "dear" at any price.

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Without cost or obligation, send me full particulars of the **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET** and your **7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER**.

NAME

ADDRESS

A.W.W.36

SOUR STOMACH

WHEN every meal is followed by pain, discomfort or heartburn... when you can't bear the thought of food and you act like a bear with a sore head... blame sour, acid stomach! But there's no need to sit down and "take it!"

You can get rid of that pain and discomfort—how quickly depends on how soon you take a dose of **De Witt's Antacid Powder!** This quick-action remedy works wonders with a sour stomach. Try just one dose and, in a few minutes, feel the relief as burning acid is killed and the sour stomach sweetened. A few moments later you'll be wanting to know—what's for dinner?

Why does **De Witt's Antacid Powder** work so quickly? Simply because it does three things. Firstly, **De Witt's Antacid Powder** neutralizes excess acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining—without in any way interfering with normal

digestion. Finally, it helps digest your food, so that the weakened stomach has less work to do. Sounds simple, doesn't it? But only **De Witt's Antacid Powder** can give this amazing benefit.

Get the sky-blue canister of **De Witt's Antacid Powder** to-day—and do not worry any more about indigestion, flatulence, heartburn or sour, acid stomach. Regain the pleasure of eating just what you like and of enjoying every meal.

End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

large sky-blue canisters,

DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER

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Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Prices (including Sales Tax) 2/7½. Giant size, 4/8



An Editorial

JULY 19, 1941

AND NOW—TO CHINA



THE appointment of Australia's first Minister to China, Sir Frederic Eggleston, is welcomed by every Australian who has watched with admiration and sympathy China's four-year-old struggle against Japanese aggression.

This appointment is a sign of something more than our desire for friendly relations with a country which shares similar ideas of liberty.

It is a sign of Australia's growing stature and importance in world affairs, particularly in the Pacific.

It is evidence that our voice must be heard in the councils of the nations.

The war has speeded up Australia's industrial expansion and has created new problems of supply and demand, of trading and transport that can be solved only by co-operation with the peoples of other lands.

Australia as a nation fully grown cannot be passive in the solving of these problems.

And so Sir Frederic Eggleston goes to China.

We have already sent Mr. R. G. Casey to speak for us in America and Sir John Latham to represent us in Japan.

But these are not our only envoys abroad.

Ahead of them went our fighting men, thousands of ordinary Australians, each determined that his battle-cry would strengthen Australia's voice and his deeds would show that Australia's independence and interests could not be lightly challenged.

The valor of these fighting men has endowed Australia with greatness.

Their tough fighting quality has earned the world's respect.

Their force gives point and meaning to our Ministers' words in Washington, Tokio, Chungking.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

NEWS of men left behind in Greece comes this week in two letters, one from a man who is now a prisoner of war, another from a chaplain in the Middle East.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of, or extracts from, letters. Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used and a minimum of 5/- for all other extracts published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

Chaplain O. N. Manney sends news of prisoners in Greece to Miss P. Alexander, 51 Albion St., Waverley, N.S.W.:

"SHORTLY before the time to evacuate the hospital Padre Gallagher (R.C.) and I went to our C.O. and said that we wished to remain with the men and the wounded.

"It was simply a matter of duty no matter how much we might dread the thought of being prisoners, for usually a padre stands by and allows the medical people to get away at the last minute.

"We were told that every patient would be away within 12 hours, and that the last party of men would be only just behind the patients, and that if we really wanted to do a service to the men to go in the order arranged for us.

"If we waited, they told us, we could do nothing in an evacuating hospital and would be an encumbrance in a group not arranged for our inclusion.

"With this assurance we left and our group was the last to get away.

"Apparently soon after our departure several hundred unexpected wounded arrived and the boys stood by them. These men could have saved themselves, but to their eternal credit they put humanity before self and attended to the wounded.

"As you know by this, Jack Forsberg and Jack Harrison, and about 160 others, are in this noble band.

"It was not just a matter of resignation. They took it in high spirits. When a small party of officials left at the last minute the boys off duty gathered round Sgt Bishop, our piano-accompanied artist, and serenaded them out of the camp.

"As the party took a final glimpse from the last vantage point the boys were singing away to Sid's music as though they were a holiday party.

"This is the spirit that wins wars, for it cannot be crushed. There are some bright spots. We learn officially that they are receiving decent treatment; in fact, much better than expected, and are continuing as a hospital formation to look after wounded prisoners.

"They were all well and quite unharmed. We are all very proud of these men, and we know that you share our pride in them.

"Please God it may not be long before this business is over and our men at liberty again."

Corporal Eric Regan, now a prisoner of war, who remained with others of the 5th Australian General Hospital staff in Greece, to his wife, Mrs. E. Regan, of 147 Rookwood Rd., Bankstown, N.S.W.:

"A NUMBER of us are to be left here to care for our wounded men.

"Therefore I will be taken prisoner. Don't you worry. I will be O.K. It's a damnable

Winnie the War Winner



"If it doesn't work, drop in and I'll change it."

affair, I know, but I'll be keeping my chin up, so hope you will do the same.

"The sisters have been wonderful. They are leaving us to-night, so I am giving this to one to post for me.

"Some of the boys need a lot of attention. They have done well against awful odds. Every one of us will do the very best he can for them. We are all respecting the Red Cross and, as you know, we are protected by it. Personally, I don't think we'll get too bad a deal.

"Anyway I'm not afraid, and that goes for all the boys.

"In case the others from Bankstown don't get a chance to write, Corporal H. B. Smith and Private W. H. Nicolls are two I can think of who are still here, if you could let their folks know."

Sergeant T. Mason to friends in Gannam, N.S.W.:

"TO-NIGHT we are going to dinner to celebrate our safe return from Greece. There are three of us, Colonel Hutchison (our C.O.), a trooper, and myself.

"We were all of our little crowd of 17 (an advance party) to come back from Greece. They were some of the finest mates I had. Three of them were with me when we left Australia. We had been one crew ever since and it is hard to realise even now that they have gone under.

"When the destroyers came up, all flame and gunsmoke, they looked a million dollars to me. We were like a lot of kids. We gave them a cheer that nearly silenced the guns.

"I will never bail up on a sailor again when he tries to take my girl from me. He can have her and a quid to take her out if he wants it."

Private D. A. Bowman in the Western Desert to his mother at Gulgore, S.A.:

"THEY gave us a pretty fair dose of shells for a while, but our company at any rate didn't suffer many casualties.

"I have found out what it is to be really thirsty and sleepy.

"We had one terrible day with a dry wind and temperature well over 100, and no shade.

"On the previous day we had not been able to receive water and had finished our supply before dinner. Trying to eat dry bread and bully for dinner was a nightmare.

"After dinner another chap and I were sent out on patrol to ascertain how far the enemy was from our lines. We found them a lot closer than we had thought, and were nearly on them before we saw them.

"We got back after having a quick count, but not before my mate had stopped a bit of shell above his knee, which made it a bit stiff.

"In the meantime the rest of our mates had collected a little water out of the radiators of old Italian tractors standing around, and it tasted extra good even if a bit oily and musty.

"Before night we got our supply, half a gallon each, double ration.

"I was out last night until dawn, wiring. Someone had in the darkness hitched our wires to Herman's by mistake, and we had to undo it and move it back a bit.

"It was rather hair-raising, as I expect they had a machine-gun trained along their wire. We had to undo it and move it back a pile of lead."

Gunner Sam Hough, who fought in Greece, to his family at 18 Higham St., Cheltenham, Vic.:

"KEN and I were walking back from the ration truck one night when an 'Aussie' stopped us and said: 'Excuse me, I'm in B Company, 2nd/3rd. Could you tell me where my unit is, comrade?'

"We asked no questions but walloped him one and took him with us. Sure enough he was a Jerry.

"Hurrah, here's a batch of thirty letters and parcels, good-oh!

"The boys go crazy. Mum, over the dates and nuts. I have to go pretty hard to get a major share, but I know you don't take a poor view of my sharing my parcels.

"Some of the chaps get no parcels and very little mail, and memories of chaps who shared parcels in the past, and whose faces and wisecracks are now missing, make it hard for one to be selfish."

Private R. J. Scorr in Tobruk to his mother at Winchester Downs, Maxwellton, Qld.:

"AS I write the boys are yarning and singing. They are all happy because it is mail day.

"You have no idea how we look forward to receiving mail over here, Mom.

"You know, Mom, I feel happy when I hear a few shells whining over at night. We often have a quiet night with no gunfire, and then the boys say, 'Gee, I wish I was home,' but when there are a few explosions, such as to-night, everyone seems happy."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



EDMONDSON, V.C.

By DAME MARY GILMORE

LET the kings pass, and shallow pomp retreat,
This is the day of men greater than kings!
For them the drums of time shall ever beat,
And at their tomb death stands with fallen wings.

They shall not know decay, for down the years
The bugles shall declare their full renown;
Though in the eyes of grief may brim the tears,
Above grief stands a pride tears cannot drown.

And this Australia's son! The desert watched
Him thrusting through the flames of war, as
there,
From out the very jaws of death, he snatched
A comrade from the foe he might not spare.

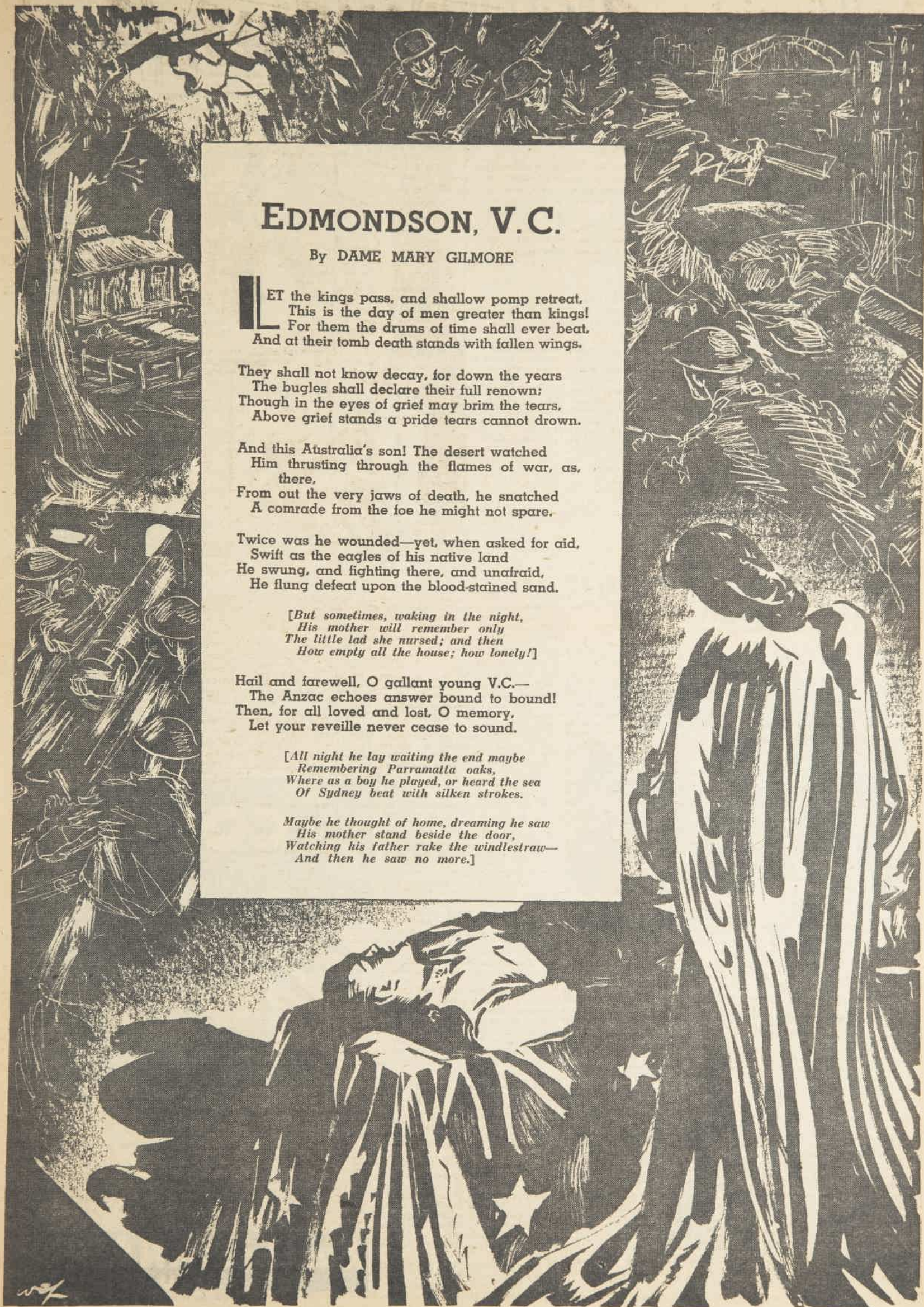
Twice was he wounded—yet, when asked for aid,
Swift as the eagles of his native land
He swung, and fighting there, and unafraid,
He flung defeat upon the blood-stained sand.

*[But sometimes, waking in the night,
His mother will remember only
The little lad she nursed; and then
How empty all the house; how lonely!]*

Hail and farewell, O gallant young V.C.—
The Anzac echoes answer bound to bound!
Then, for all loved and lost, O memory,
Let your reveille never cease to sound.

*[All night he lay waiting the end maybe
Remembering Parramatta oaks,
Where as a boy he played, or heard the sea
Of Sydney beat with silken strokes.*

*Maybe he thought of home, dreaming he saw
His mother stand beside the door,
Watching his father rake the windlestraw—
And then he saw no more.]*



The Flying Piper

Continued from page 5

"It's no here," he was heard to complain sourly. "We'll be on another front yet."

His co-pilots with the Glosters merely set him down as slightly cracked, but headquarters didn't. They looked wise, and wondered privately if there wasn't a leak somewhere or other in the Secret and Confidential files. Flight-Sergeant MacRimmon knew altogether too much, headquarters said, although they never got any closer to things than that. And it was just about then that MacRimmon met a girl.

Her name was Margaret Fraser, and she was a Highlander, too—daughter of one Mungo Fraser, who was professor of history at Cairo University. The main trouble about Mungo was that he had notions; about the bagpipes, for instance—where they came from in the beginning, and so forth.

Moreover, he had a whole draft of chapter-and-verse learning to back him up—even that ancient heresy about the Dacian, and some very deep stuff on the subject of Bithynian Cybele worshippers and the like—and one evening in his Heliopolis dwelling he went out to prove to MacRimmon that everybody, pretty well, had invented the pipes, save and except the people that obviously had—to wit, MacRimmon's own hairy ancestors among the heather.

MacRimmon stood it all for a while, with Margaret's cool grey eye on him, but at length he was moved to utterance.

"Ye'll pardon me," he said stiffly, "but yon's a pack of fule nonsense, sir-r. It's just no the case, that's a'."

"Hutt-tutti!" exclaimed the scandalised professor. "Nonsense, d'ye say? Now I'd just have ye observe—"

A couple of Scottish gentlemen, each of them pigheaded as Davy's own sow, disagreeing over the bagpipes. It took all of Margaret Fraser to break that up; and even then the professor was still bubbling like a turkey cock when she came back from a longish interview at the bottom of the garden.

"Confound the young jackass!" he exploded. "Why, he's not got a particle of evidence to support him! The pipes are—"

Margaret stopped him. "Never mind that," she said, just a shade unsteadily. "Did ye no notice anything on that lad, father? It was written plain to me."

A dark and spooky race, the Highland Scots, with wizardry and the foreknowledge of death wove in their make-up. Mungo Fraser knew very well what his daughter meant; he knew it fine, and it hit him smack where he lived.

"Merciful heavens," he said softly. "Ye think he's had the sign—that he's fey, the poor laddie? And me bletherin' here like a nimny! Go call him back, Margaret; he mustn't leave us so."

"To-morrow," Margaret said. "Not today."

Well, Margaret Fraser was wrong about MacRimmon, as it turned out, but she got no opportunity then to discover it, for on the morrow the Glosters were gone from Heliopolis. They went a long way and a strange way, north and by west across the winter Mediterranean, and MacRimmon, with the pipes by his side in the cockpit, was for once smiling.

That odd, tense, black mood—the thing that had deceived both the Campbell man and Margaret Fraser—had left him, and as islands blossomed under his wings, jewelled islands most unlike the rugged Hebrides, and then a mainland, yellow rock with olive trees and pillared ruins, he positively smiled.

"Ay?" he said aloud. "So it's here, eh?"

Just what he meant by that he probably couldn't have told anyone, and can't yet. But one of these days he is going to admit he had the eerie sensation of being drawn by influences beyond his control.

One of these times MacRimmon is going to break down and talk, and the results may be surprising. But just then he flew on with the squadron, and at evening they dropped to a little seacoast town, to find authority there before them with the stirring tale of Greek heroism.

"A splendid show," said authority. "On the ground they're giving Museo's boys a proper pasting, but they want some help upstairs. That's where we come in, gentlemen."

They were excellent detailed instructions, and MacRimmon listened carefully before going back to the tiny, low-ceilinged room that had been allotted him as quarters for the night. In the town Greek girls shrilled excited cheers, throwing flowers while smiling old gentlemen leaned on their sticks.

There were no younger men visible, and MacRimmon lifted a hand in a wordless salute to them, wherever they might be.

He sat on his bed with the pipes across his knee and a curious, puzzled frown on his face. He had the sense of relief still, as if he were swimming with the tide now, but the feeling was without explanation. It didn't add up, MacRimmon knew perfectly well, but he was somehow quite agreeable that it shouldn't. Only, he was dead sure that he was being led, conducted somewhere, by something.

It was a new experience for him, very vague and bumbling and pleasant.

"Aweel!" he said, thinking, oddly, of Margaret Fraser. "It's a queer old world, so it is!"

He stepped out into the Aegean night and let himself go.

Now, the stuff MacRimmon was moved to give out on that occasion is interesting, from the viewpoint of several people. It should, by rights, have been war music. Yet it was not, nor the wall for any brave deed, put pure pastoral, the tunes shepherds invent, lonely in the corries behind Ballachulish; and the Greeks clustered, staring.

They did more than that. They seemed, somehow, to be oddly affected by that playing. The old men glanced sideways at one another under their brows and whispered behind hands; the women fell silent and faded back into the shadows, nervously. A stout little bearded priest of the Orthodox Church bounced suddenly out of his house and spoke in rapid tones, with much wagging of the beard and shaking of the forefinger.

MacRimmon piped on, undisturbed, rapt; and a Cockney rigger, away down on the cramped little aerodrome, straightened out profanely.

"Crimes!" he observed. "Ark at that; ther beggar's playin' a blinkin' tune!"

The priest was more direct. He stood for some minutes listening with his head on one side and a frown on his placid countenance.

"Sorcery!" he muttered. Altogether, Flight-Sergeant MacRimmon created a great impression that November evening in Greece.

High in the east, grey and pink and translucent, dawn broke over the landscape.

MacRimmon, huddled in his flying suit, peered into the dim north ahead and saw it begin to take shape—a high, tumbled mountain range. That would be the ridge they called Pindus on the map, and it was there, among its coils and valleys and defiles, that the war was.

It was curiously like another landscape familiar to MacRimmon, the majestic roll of the Grampians rising above Strathmore, and he glanced at it keenly.

"Aye?" he remarked. "It is e'en so?"

An odd observation, and well it might have been, for just then something had clicked inside MacRimmon's cosmos. He was certain, now,

that this was the place, that he had been brought here—for some purpose. He didn't know what that purpose was, except that it wasn't to die. He had seen and heard of men with that particular doom on them, and their way wasn't his just now. Rather, he felt, if anything, a bit daft, light of heart and head. It was, most strangely, as if he had come clear home again after a long journey.

"Ah, come on, then!" he said challengingly, to whatever it was lay ahead. "Let's look at ye."

He squinted down at the mist-filled valleys below, and a voice—his flight commander's—echoed hollowly inside his headset. "Enemy aircraft!" it croaked. "Forty left! Action!"

MacRimmon stopped laughing abruptly, and a new, intense expression appeared on his face. It was the look some of those R.A.F. experts had seen, back there in Egypt—the professional killer's look, the crafty, watchful, lightning-fast dealer of death. He reached forward, craning his neck as the Glosters were spiralling up and up, gaining fighting altitude.

The enemy were visible now, a flock of bright points in the high sunshine, moving rapidly south-east. Combat stuff, MacRimmon said, Savoias maybe, and behind them somewhere would be the Capronis, in a daylight raid on Athens or Corinth.

MacRimmon clicked his tongue thoughtfully and slid a fraction out of formation. He found himself, to his surprise, thinking about Margaret Fraser in that Heliopolis garden.

"Aweel!" he said philosophically, and plunged to the attack.

Consider now the case of one Christos P. Xanthoudides, some four thousand feet immediately below. Xanthoudides is a soldier, a captain in the Eleventh Regiment of Evzones, and he has made a report upon this matter. It is a purely military report, quite plain and unvarnished, for the captain says, of the record, that he just isn't quite crazy, and he doesn't see himself getting officially hanged for telling the tale his men do. No, they wouldn't understand it in the ministry of war at all, he figures.

So his version is, on paper, that on this special morning he and the remains of his Evzone company were in a considerable tight jam, there in the Pindus.

The Eleventh, for the last week, had been one of the steel claws, to put it that way, of a five-pronged attack that was driving the very surprised Italians out of Greece in

Animal Antics



"Look, honey, I've got some new glasses!"

a hurry. It had been quite a sticky business, states the captain modestly, with a lot of close-quarter bomb-and-bayonet work. Their opponents were Alpini, and nobody's push-arounds at that. All hands had had more than their share of fighting—and now there was something else. Rations had gone floozy, failed.

No supply service in the world, Xanthoudides admits, could have kept up with the scattered Evzone units in that scrambling rush of theirs. It wasn't down in the books at all—any more than it was down in the books that the Italian army shouldn't be swaggering through Athens long ago, instead of being generally played the devil with in the Pindus.

Anyway, for three days now his detachment, comitadi, or what have you had been without grub, save what they could loot off the dead Italians, which wasn't anything lavish. They were hungry—in a word, very hungry—and the edge of that incredible, fire-eating valor of theirs was beginning to grow a trifle dulled.

Thus Xanthoudides, officially. What he doesn't add is that his outfit—some fifty of them—were just then sitting on their hunkers in a mist-filled valley, staring before them in moody silence. They were ragged, pallid, and plenty of them carried unhealed wounds, and they just didn't take orders any longer.

Please turn to page 18

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"What did he do?"
"Made me pay in advance."



"My most difficult task is usually completed before breakfast."
"You work before breakfast, do you?"
"No. I get out of bed."



"Is Betty's husband interested in her efforts to economise?"
"Very much. He hasn't had a new suit for years."



"You'll have to buck up dad, you only got sixty out of a hundred for last night's homework."



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BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE naval rating limped up to the ship's doctor:
"What's wrong with you?" asked the M.O.

"I was on ration fatigue during the air attack, sir," answered the rating, "and a bomb splinter hit the rum jar I was carrying."

"Yes, but did anything hit you?" asked the M.O.

"Yes, sir, half the blooming crew."

"WELL, what does my little man want to buy — chocolates?" inquired the shopkeeper as the small boy entered.

"You bet I do," came the quick response, "but I've got to buy soap."

BOBBY (short of money): Say, Dad, have you any work you'd like me to do?

Dad (taken by surprise): Why—no—but—er.

Bobby: Then how about putting me on relief?

THE officer looked the recruit up and down.

"To be a tank driver," he said, "you have to be straight, hard, clean, and as tough as steel."

"Blimey," said the lad, "you don't want a tank driver, you want a screwdriver."

"I LIKED living in the country. Never paid a doctor's bill all the time I was there."

"So the doctor told me."



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The Flying Piper

Continued from page 16

TROOPS can get that way, even the best of them, and when they do it takes a very wise man indeed to handle the situation.

Captain Xanthoudides knew that, all right, but he also knew something else. The Alpini were groping for him in the mist—they had been reinforced last night—and the chances were more than excellent that they were already round him, holding the heights to his flank and rear, ready to do him dirt as soon as there was light enough to see by.

"I accordingly encouraged the troops—" says Xanthoudides.

What he doesn't do again is give us a rebroadcast of that harangue he made, half-seen in the dim, damp pocket of the fog. But it was a scorcher, as retailed by another then present, a certain Nick Pappas, of Boylston Street in the city of Boston, American citizen.

Nick, by rights, should have been still on holiday in Athens, consuming fruit juices in cafes and taking part in street-corner gabfests. That is presumably why he was here, in a uniform three sizes too big for him, shrunk, drawn and haggard, with a dirty bandage round his head and a bayoneted Mauser across his knee. The Greeks are like that, in those days.

"Holy Joe," Nick says, "you never heard nothin' like it. Pigs, dogs, devils—there ain't nothin' he don't throw at us. You'd figure maybe the boys ain't gonna stand for that talk, but no, they just sits there, takin' no notice. Too bad, by Joe!"

Certainly it was all that, and the captain gnashed his teeth in a fine Hellenic fury. He even had a pistol drawn and was threatening his braves with instant massacre, when they heard the planes overhead. There was no possibility of even glimpsing them through the mist, but the roar of engines did what the captain's oratory had failed to do. It stirred the lethargic warriors and they looked up.

"Two fleets," said Xanthoudides, cocking an ear. "Hark, they engage."

The rattle of machine-gun fire sounded aloft, plenty of it, and then a sound—a loud, shattering, violent

sound. It was like nothing anybody had heard before, except that Nick Pappas says it reminded him of a couple of trolleycars tangling, corner of Boylston and Massachusetts.

"Saint Agnes!" the captain gasped. "What is that?"

He was answered by a terrific hissing, slithering noise—in their very ears, it seemed—and something crashed into the narrow valley. It struck the rocks, bounced, and forthwith became a sheet of blossoming, roaring orange fire. It wasn't thirty yards from the Greeks, and the colored Fascist insignia were plain to see.

"No," says Nick tersely. "There wasn't no percentage tryin' to get the pilot. He was barbecued, anyway."

So they stood around watching the plane burn and observing with interest that it appeared to have only one wing. In the sightless distance somewhere there was another crash.

Xanthoudides nodded grimly. "The other," he said. "One of ours—or maybe the British. A collision." He snapped a formal salute to the flaming plane and turned to his men. "And now, forward!" he rasped. "Let us, in heaven's name, get out of this!"

In his report, the captain put it that hereabouts the troops continued to display a certain weariness, a diminution of the offensive spirit still. They didn't seem to enthuse about precipice-shinning or playing catch as catch can with the Alpini; not until they'd eaten, anyway. Xanthoudides glosses things over, but Nick talks Boylston Street.

"The works was gummed," he states flatly. "They wasn't movin' out of that, the suckers."

Expressing the apparent truth, for they were there twenty minutes later when the mist lifted a little and the steep brown slopes around them became visible. They could see the crest of the rimrock, a thousand feet above them, but there was a very distressing angle to that, for the Alpini were up there, and they could see, too.

They had some mighty unpleasant accessories now, moreover—a battery of little screwguns, mountain artillery that fired four-pound, high-explosive shells; murderous things at this point-blank range. The Greeks took cover hastily, swearing, but what they said was not a circumstance to their captain's comment. He knew a trap when he saw one, that gallant Eyzone.

"So," Nick Pappas says, "if we went on, there was machine-guns, and if we went back, there was machine-guns; and there wasn't no sideways. So what?"

General Metaxas himself wouldn't have appreciated the position any better. The little shells whanged and crashed among the boulders, men began to drop, and there wasn't a thing to be done about it.

Except to rush those guns, a thousand feet up and three-quarters of a mile away. Captain Xanthoudides gloomily just didn't see his command up to that exploit. Three days ago, sure, but not now. Not by any means now.

It is from there on that the business goes crazy.

MACRIMMON is in the Athens hospital now, getting over as well a case of minor concussion as anybody on the staff ever was. He is no manner of use as a guide here, for he simply doesn't remember a thing of what happened after he and that Savoia crashed into each other.

Nevertheless, there was a time when he sat in what had once been a cockpit, with the Gloster spread-eagled out like a broken dragonfly against the hillside, its air-screw gone, its engine driven clean back into the instrument-board, and most of the board in turn crumpled around MacRimmon's neck. He and the Italian pilot had certainly done a good job of trying to kiss each other and the world good-bye, but Mussolini's champion was the only one to succeed.

By a piece of sheerest joss, one of those things that happen sometimes in air fighting, the Gloster's fuel tank hadn't given way. So that MacRimmon, instead of being burned to a rasher, remained sitting there, to all intents and purposes out cold, staring before him with set, unseeing eyes. The set of pipes had been flung up from the cockpit floor, and the fasselled chanter lay across his fingers.

MacRimmon looked down at it, stupidly at first, and then with a growing comprehension.

"Eh-h!" he said in a bemused, inquiring tone. "Ye're there yet?"

Slowly and deliberately he dragged himself out of the ruins of the machine, the pipes with him. Underfoot was a soft, linglike growth, as it might have been the genuine heather; the mist prickled his nostrils, cold and sweet; by the half-mile radius of visibility, MacRimmon might indeed have been halfway up Ben Cruachan somewhere, or in Atholl Forest itself.

At any rate, that might be his own explanation for what he did next—which was to hitch the pipes over his shoulder, inflate the bag, and commence playing.

He doesn't remember a single word about it, and maybe he never will, but he strode along that hillside in the distorting, patchy mists, and everything up and down that valley stopped dead.

What the Italians imagined it might be, that apparition, they don't say. There are few of them left to give interviews, anyhow, and those that do survive are merely incoherent with fury. They don't consider it fair at all.

Because all of a sudden something seemed to happen to that dispirited, hungry bunch of mountaineers in the valley bottom. They heard the thin, piercing notes from somewhere above, and a dozen heads went up from behind rocks; there were startled oaths and cries, long arms pointing, hairy jaws dropped.

The Eyzones recruit mostly in this very Pindus, and its members are a wild outfit, full of superstitions and old wives' tales of gods, and fauns, and nymphs around these slopes. They were more than a little woozy in the head, too, as Xanthoudides points out, from hunger, and when the magnifying power of the mist turned Flight-Sergeant MacRimmon into a wavering, gigantic figure, stalking in the hilltops, they may have drawn certain conclusions.

There are always legends in the mountains of the old, old gods returning to the defence of their threatened haunts.

Anyway, the Greeks began to yell, and then to run forward, by twos and threes. Their captain, after an instant's dumbfounded staring, saw his opportunity and bolted out ahead of them, pistol in hand. They went up the side of that hill like lamplighters, in a single, blood-thirsty, magnificent rush that swept the Italians from their guns.

"By Joe!" says Nick Pappas. "You never saw nothin' like it!"

Doubtless this is the case, and Nick ought to know, for he was in the forefront of that assault, which is nice going for the proprietor of a sea-food joint in Boston. But if anybody tries to go further with Nick in the matter, such as asking him what he saw or didn't see, he first stares them in the eye defiantly, as becomes a Bostonian, a wise guy, a tough egg, a dealer in pure reason. And then, under pressure, he gets mad.

"Aw, shucks!" Nick says testily. "Go climb a tree, see?"

The Athens high command, as a matter of record, have stated that Xanthoudides and his mob that morning just broke the back of Italian resistance in that sector. They also mention, purely as a routine matter, and for the information of the Royal Air Force, that one of their advanced dressing stations, late in that same afternoon, picked up an N.C.O. of the force, apparently a little off his head from shock.

They don't connect the two occurrences in any way, officially, but there is a sort of subdued twinkle about them, and they slipped a phrase into one of their semi-officials—something about "the autochthonous deities of our ancient land"—which may or may not have a meaning. A very highly intelligent lot, these Greeks.

Margaret Fraser in Heliopolis thinks so, anyway, because they are sending MacRimmon back to Egypt for convalescence just as soon as he is fit to travel.

That, according to Margaret, is a completely convincing bit of testimony to their excellent good sense.

But what will happen if and when MacRimmon's memory comes back to him is a puzzle. He is, of course, going to claim that all he did was to imagine himself back on his native heath and start up a tune on the pipes. The Greeks aren't going to believe him—at least not the Eyzones—that bearded little priest is going to mutter sorcery as well.

He knew something, that little hierarch, even if he didn't happen to have clapped eyes on a set of pipes in his life. He is a delver into history, the kind not found very much in books—elemental stuff, gods and heroes, and so forth, the secret beliefs of a people. His church calls it names, that kind of thing, and so does the priest, as in duty bound, but he isn't half or quarter comfortable doing it. He knows too much altogether.

And as for Prof. Mungo Fraser, when he gets hold of the tale there is going to be a glorious row. He is going to maintain, with all the old-world courtesy and deference of a pig in a gate, that it was the pipes and not MacRimmon himself that were involved here.

He will point out triumphantly that it was from these very Pindus hills that Agricola's Dacian bandman originally hailed, and will in-

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TUESDAY, July 22.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

quire if this isn't at least prima-facie evidence in support of his old contention—videlect, that the pipes were not originally a Scottish invention at all. Of course, if anybody even hints that he is tainted with superstition and moonshiny, Professor Fraser will be frantic with indignation.

So will MacRimmon, if ever that argy-bargy gets under way. There is due to be a sweet turn-up in Heliopolis—unless Margaret Fraser can stop it. Privately, she thinks she can; she thinks it may be possible, by then, to divert Flight-Sergeant MacRimmon's attention to other, and less warlike, pursuits.

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No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no atomizer. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

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choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

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The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

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BERNICE CAMPBELL, of Melbourne chosen from 130 applicants to be confidential secretary to the Australian Minister in Tokio.

"Job I've always dreamed of getting"

Bernice Campbell goes to Australian Embassy in Japan

"Good on you," was the brief comment made by the young sailor brother of Bernice Denholm Campbell, of Melbourne, when he heard of her appointment as confidential secretary to the Australian Minister in Tokio (Sir John Latham). The reaction of her girl friends was: "That's the sort of job I've always dreamed of getting."

Bernice is the first Australian girl to be sent by the Commonwealth to work in a foreign country.

HER selection from a list of 130 applicants was sufficient to merit the tribute which will be echoed by thousands of Australian girls.

Twenty-six years old, slim, dark haired, with a quiet poised manner, Miss Campbell has already done a fair amount of travelling, though, as she says herself, she always had a "yen" to go to Japan.

She is a girl who takes things quietly, and it is hard to imagine her becoming flustered or worried over the most difficult situation.

At present Miss Campbell, who speaks French fluently, knows nothing of the Japanese language, but she intends to learn as soon as she can.

"That study might replace what I usually do at home in the week-ends, and that is wash and iron my clothes and look after my flat," she said.

"On paper my salary of £450 looks very good, but I understand that clothing and living are extremely expensive for foreigners in Japan, so I don't suppose there will be much left each week," said this clear-thinking, capable girl.

Planning wardrobe

"I HAVEN'T started to plan my wardrobe yet, because I don't know exactly how soon I will be leaving. I have first to take a short course of training at Canberra in external affairs.

"However, I will be taking lots of woollen things . . . even woollen underwear . . . I don't like the idea of that much, it's rather scratchy, isn't it?" she continued.

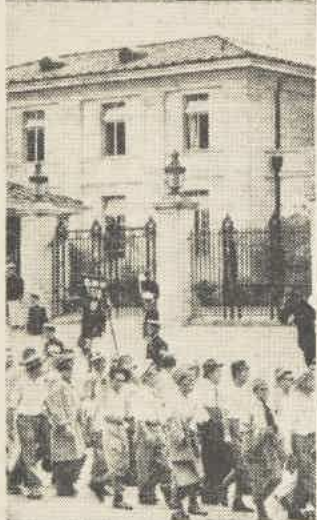
"I don't wear heavy make-up, but lipsticks and pale nail polishes will be on my list."

Miss Campbell wears her dark hair drawn to the top of her head from the sides, and with a knot low on her neck at the back.

"I gave up worrying about permanent waves four years ago," she said. "Because my hair always gave the hairdressers so much trouble, that I never dared go back to them after the first time . . . I just haven't got the sort of hair that will stay in nice comfortable waves . . ."

The daughter of Mrs. E. C. Campbell, of Sydney, Miss Campbell was born in Narrogin, West Australia. She went to school at the Perth College and later at the University she studied arts and journalism.

In 1934, she went to Hobart, where she trained in library work for six months.



THE BRITISH LEGATION in Tokio, where Miss Campbell will live until the new Legation Buildings are ready for use.

"Then I went to Melbourne, where I opened a small library of my own in St. Kilda," she said. "I loved it, but financially it wasn't much help . . ."

"I learnt shorthand and typing and passed the Public Service examination, and joined the Marine Branch of the Department of Commerce."

"Like most girls I wanted to travel so in 1939 I went to England and worked in the High Commissioner's Office in London."

"After war broke out I did some special work with the High Commissioner (Mr. Bruce) and then I left for home in October, 1939."

Referring to living conditions and food, Miss Campbell said that she did not expect to have any worries about either.

"I'll confess that I weighed myself the other day for the first time for years. I weigh 8st. 4lbs.," she said. "I have never been ill, so I'm not a bit scared about the food or the climate affecting me."

A moderate smoker, Miss Campbell does not like dancing very much, but is very fond of tennis and swimming.

Keenly interested in classical music, she remarked a little dryly that she rather doubts her reaction to Japanese music.

WOMEN ALSO SERVE

Northern Territory Red Cross

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH, who has just returned from Darwin

NORTHERN Territory division of the Red Cross is joining in the Australia-wide Red Cross roll call in September, when there will be a big drive for new members.

The president, Mrs. C. L. A. Abbott, wife of the Administrator, is hoping for a big rally at Government House, Darwin.

The 170 members of the branch are scattered all through the Territory—at Tennant Creek, Barrow Creek, Alice Springs, Wave Hill, as well as in Darwin.

It works for the civil and military hospitals, the air force ward and navy sick bay, the armed merchant cruisers and 17 Reg. Aid Posts, providing comforts, books, papers, home-made cakes once a week, and medical aids.

Members go shopping for hospital patients twice a week.

The Junior Red Cross has 215 members scattered through the Territory, with an energetic Darwin circle of 59, whose director and hon. secretary is Miss Ena Dalton.

In addition to the circle at Alice Springs school, there is another circle of 49 members of the Half-Caste School in the same town.

The children make face-washers for the local hospital, and knit mufflers, pull-overs, socks, helmets, and cardigans to send overseas.

They visit patients in hospital, and collect papers and magazines for the military hospital, collect scrap metal and cardboard, attend first-aid and bandaging classes, and conduct a "mile of pennies" fund to buy towelling.

Alice Springs circle, with 56 members, and Tennant Creek, with 16 members, run penny concerts and sell toffee and home-made pies to add to their funds.

Pine Creek circle has a membership of 32, and there are three associate members at Katherine.

Boy members at Darwin and Alice Springs specialise in making pyjama cords.

The Junior Red Cross will conduct a jumble stall at the Red Cross roll call.

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Influenza

Influenza weakens you. The fever takes away your strength. Your digestion is enfeebled and upset. For some weeks afterwards you feel tired and in low spirits. You have a great need at this time for a food which is very easy to digest and very nourishing, to bring your strength back. Drink Ovaltine every day and you will feel your energy returning, and your cheerfulness. Ovaltine makes your slack muscles tough again, restores your nerves, puts vigour into your mind and body. Ovaltine is delicious even to an invalid who turns fretfully away from other food; and it gives you every food you need to make you strapping and well again.

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Ovaltine is made of fresh full-cream milk, new laid eggs and rich barley malt. You need the carbohydrates, proteins and fats it contains. Growing children, invalids, and convalescents especially need them. Ovaltine contains maltose—quick supplier of energy. Phosphorus—to build bone and nerve. Calcium—to build bone and muscular tone and thicken thin blood. Iron, potassium, magnesium, sodium, sulphur—mineral salts without which no one can be healthy. Vitamins—to promote growth, sound teeth, good digestion and protect against rickets, influenza and colds.



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You need these New Concentrated Nerve-Strengthening Tablets.

Sleepless people should know there is only one sure way to end the misery of sleepless nights due to strain and worry. That is to get at the cause of this trouble—run-down, jumpy nerves. Drugs only dope the system temporarily—make matters worse in the long run. What you need is a short course of Phosphorated Iron to build up nerve strength.

Phosphorated Iron is a scientific combination of organic iron, phosphorus and other special nerve-tonic ingredients concentrated in easy-to-take tablets. It restores, calms and strengthens weak, irritable nerves—quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve force. Soon you'll feel stronger, eat better, enjoy refreshing sleep at night. Decide now to build up your nerves and end the worry and torture of sleepless nights. Ask your chemist today for Phosphorated Iron.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ STRAWBERRY BLONDE (Week's Best Release)

Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney, Rita Hayworth. (Warners.)

LIGHT-HEARTED version of the James Hagan stage play, "One Sunday Afternoon," this film is a pleasing, well-acted comedy-drama. In its quaint costumes, its music, and its dialogue it re-creates in a most effective and entertaining fashion the atmosphere of the gay 'nineties.

The story is that of a struggling young dentist (James Cagney) who waits years to avenge a wrong done by a former friend, but in the end blithely tosses his vengeance aside.

While the film is slow-moving at times the acting is fine, especially that of Olivia de Havilland. She gives a delightfully human portrayal of the girl who marries Cagney. Olivia overshadows Rita Hayworth (the "Strawberry Blonde"), who threatens to wreck her marriage. Cagney is as usual excellent in both comedy and serious scenes, with Jack Carson as the false friend. Alan Hale and George Tobias add humor.—Regent; showing.

★★ THE GREAT LIE

Bette Davis, George Brent. (Warners.)

BETTE DAVIS gives another fine portrayal in this unusual drama of a bitter conflict between two women.

While less tragic than her recent pictures, it has plenty of emotion-stirring incidents.

Theme is provocative. Believing her husband, George Brent, killed in a plane crash, Bette Davis adopts his child by a former alliance with concert pianist Mary Astor. A year later the husband returns, and Bette is afraid to tell him the child is not theirs. Then the other woman, returning to claim her baby, tries to use her motherhood as a means of reclaiming the father.

Bette handles the drama with her

customary realism, and her romantic scenes with charm and spontaneity. As the heartless, petulant pianist, Mary Astor is outstanding.

Hattie McDaniel as Bette's colored mammy and Hattie's brother Sam as plantation handy man both score.—Century; showing.

★ COWBOY AND THE BLONDE

Mary Beth Hughes, George Montgomery. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

IN this inconsequential little comedy, good-looking newcomer George Montgomery is the cowboy, and Mary Beth Hughes the blonde—a temperamental film star.

Mary Beth's tantrums cause her studio a good deal of trouble. Then she falls in love with rodeo champion George, and begins to calm down. So the thankful studio retains George, who can't act.

Film has a few bright wisecracks. The young players make an attractive, romantic couple, while Alan Mowbray as head of the film company is convincing.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ DARK STREETS OF CAIRO

Sigrid Gurie, Ralph Byrd. (Universal.)

WELL-ACTED thriller, with some refreshing twists to the plot, this film centres on the activities of jewel thieves in Cairo.

In particular, it deals with the efforts of this gang to steal the Seven Jewels, discovered in Cairo by a scientific expedition.

Good work is done by Sigrid Gurie as the daughter of a Swedish baron, and by Ralph Byrd as the he-man explorer. Rod La Roque, considerably stouter, appears as the inspector. But the outstanding characterisation is given by George Zucco as the suave cut-throat leader of the jewel thieves.—Capitol; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

MEET BOSTON BLACKIE

Chester Morris, Rochelle Hudson. (Columbia.)

THE only noteworthy feature of this thriller is the brief appearance of Australian Joy Howarth (billed as Constance Worth). Joy, however, has little to do but look attractive.

It is a dull, confused melodrama, with Chester Morris playing a gentleman crook.

Out to find a murderer, Chester and his girl assistant, Rochelle Hudson, spend their time alternatively dodging the gangsters and the police. Morris gives his familiar nonchalant portrayal. Rochelle is decorative in a non-essential role.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Philadelphia Story. Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart in delightful comedy. Liberty, 14th week.

★★★ I Wanted Wings. Ray Milland, William Holden in spectacular aviation drama. Prince Edward, 2nd week.

★★ Sea Wolf. Edward G. Robinson, Ida Lupino in grim sea drama. Plaza, 3rd week.

★★ That Uncertain Feeling. Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas in frothy comedy. Mayfair, 3rd week.

★★ Sis Hopkins. Judy Canova, Bob Crosby in bright musical. State, 2nd week.

★★ Yes, Madam. Bobby Howes, Diana Churchill in amusing English farce. Embassy, 2nd week.

★ Call a Cop. George Formby, Dorothy Hyson in only fair farce. Lyceum, 2nd week.

★ Come Live With Me. James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr in frothy romance. St. James, 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

BETTE DAVIS' illness, caused by overwork, threatens to take her out of "The Little Foxes" permanently. Katharine Hepburn and Miriam Hopkins are among those being considered to take her place. Miss Hopkins is the most likely candidate.

"I LIKE being a villain," proclaims Claude Rains. "I'm tired of being a saintly old character, as I've been in so many films lately. After 'Mr. Jordan Goes to Town' I hope to get back to the business of being wicked again—like King John in 'Robin Hood.' It is an escape for me to be dastardly on the screen, since I have to be a model husband and father at home." Most screen villains, including Basil Rathbone, long to be heroes.

DRIFTING towards the altar are Artie Shaw and Margo, Francis Lederer's ex-wife. Artie's interest in the charming Mexican actress is serious. They must wait for his divorce from Lana Turner to become final.

THE story of the Royal Canadian Air Force will be told in "Shadows of Their Wings," a technical production to be made at Warners with George Brent and Dennis Morgan in leading roles. Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, who was a foremost ace of the first World War, and now commands the R.C.A.F., has been in conference with the studio.

IDA LUPINO employs her restless hands by making hooked rugs in her spare moments.

THE wedding of radio and screen comedian, Ken Murray, and photographic model, Cletius Cald-

well, was held the other day at the home of Lew Ayres, Murray's close friend.

Low played the organ, while Bing Crosby sang during the ceremony.

MICKEY MOUSE will be spurred on to greater achievements if rivalry can do the trick. Walt Disney has created a new rodent, Timothy Mouse, appearing in a current cartoon.

SINCE Gene Tierney married Count Oleg Cassini she is called "Little Cassini." Oleg is "Big Cassini."

EVEN as the great G. B. Shaw himself, Katherine Cornell has fallen victim to the magic persuasiveness of Gabriel Pascal. She has agreed to appear in "The Doctor's Dilemma," which will be the next Shaw film directed by Pascal.

All these years Cornell has been steadfast in her refusal to appear on the screen, because she feared she would not photograph effectively. However, after "Pygmalion" and "Major Barbara" she is convinced that conventional facial beauty is not essential to film success. On the stage, Miss Cornell is really beautiful.

ELAINE BARRIE and her ex-husband have weekly broadcasting engagements in adjoining studios, but they never meet.

LORETTA YOUNG and George Brent always put on their own make-up.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is thinking seriously of filming his next picture in New York instead of Hollywood. The setting of the story will be the great metropolis, so it would not be illogical for him to make the change.

BOB HOPE has given more benefits in one year than any other actor. In spite of his radio programme and his pictures with Bing Crosby, he has managed to give 300 benefit performances in 365 days.

FILM stars have "spare room trouble," too. When Melvyn Douglas was confronted with the problem of housing an unexpected guest he commandeered his son's room and sent young Peter over to spend the night with the Edward G. Robinson children.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S daughter, Maria, sixteen years old, is one of Garbo's most ardent admirers. But of course she thinks the screen's finest actress is Dietrich herself. Maria hopes to become an actress.

IT wasn't hard to get Ginger Rogers to eat one ice cream soda after another for "Tom, Dick and Harry." Ginger loves them.

GEORGE RAFT, who has the most complete and expensive wardrobe in Hollywood, was growling good-humoredly about the unfairness of the clothes situation in Hollywood.

"It's the custom for women's costumes to be provided by the studios, while we men must furnish our own clothes. But I can't wear any of mine in 'Man Power.' You see, I'm supposed to be a repair linesman, and have to wear old clothes that don't fit. Now I've got to go out and buy a few baggy suits and wear them until they get a shabby look."

VIVIEN LEIGH'S swooping hat brims and trailing gowns, as depicted in "That Hamilton Woman," will cause quite a flutter among fashion-conscious women. Infinitely becoming is the bonnet she wears for the Romney portrait. Rene Hubert, French designer, who is responsible for the costumes, is now working on a portfolio of adaptations of famous French, English and American paintings.

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A.W.W. 1941

Hairdresser Gives Advice on Grey Hair

Tells How to Make a Home-Made Grey Hair Remedy.

Miss Diana Manners, who has been a hairdresser in Sydney for the past ten years, gives this advice:—"There is nothing to equal the remedy for grey hair, made up from an ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of Glycerine and a small box of Orlex Compound, mixed with a half-pint of water. Any chemist can supply these ingredients at a small cost and the mixing is so easy you can do it yourself and save the extra expense. By combing this liquid through grey hair you can turn it any shade you like, black, brown or light brown, besides making it glossy and fluffy and free from itchy dandruff. It is perfectly harmless, free from stickiness, grease or gum and does not rub off. It should make any grey haired person vastly more youthful in appearance."

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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The Movie World

July 19, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

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• At the Jack London ranch, players Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield, and Hobart Bosworth, who appeared in the film version of the author's "Sea Wolf," meet Mrs. Jack London and drink a toast.

Parties are different



• At Milton Berle's gay 'nineties swimming party. Marie Wilson, Buster Keaton and Judy Garland lead the parade.



• Friendly get-together at Ciro's night-club; Alice Faye, escorted by director Irving Cummings, greets her greatest friend, Carmen Miranda.



• The grown-up Jane Withers stepping out with current admirer, Buddy Pepper, invades the Pirates' Den, owned by Bob Hope and Fred MacMurray.

JUST FOR FUN!

ALTHOUGH they've cut out lavish large-scale entertainment, the stars can still be relied upon to think up new party ideas.

The Jack Bennys recently hired an assortment of musical instruments, then invited guests to play on whichever one they fancied.

Bob Taylor and Clark Gable each grabbed a saxophone, Barbara Stanwyck a trombone, and Benny a bass viol. After rehearsals the amateur orchestra played "I'll Never Smile Again"—with variations. It was great fun for everybody except the audience.

Then there was the patriotic send-off which Ginger Rogers gave director Garson Kanin on the eve of his departure for military training. All the decorations were in red, white, and blue—even to the cake icing.

But most amusing of all was the bachelor party friends gave Gilbert Roland—after his marriage. Wives, including the bride, Connie Bennett, were invited. But all the men sat at one table while way on the other side of the room were the women.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre, and Freddie Brisson (son of Carl) were the bright boys who thought this one up.

The Secret of All Over Loveliness



OLIVE OIL!



CHEER UP! Listen to "THE YOUTH SHOW" every Sunday night at 7 o'clock on 2GB, 2KA, 2CA, 2HR, 2GZ, 2NZ, 2LM, 2KM, 2TM, 2WL, 3AW, 3SR, 3SH, 3HA, 3TR, 3UL, 4BH, 4GR, 4AY, 4MB, 4SB, 7HO, 7QT, 7LA, 7DY, 7BU; at 9 on 5DN, 5RM, 6KG; at 7.30 on 6PR, 6TZ; at 7.45 on 6GE; Wed. nights at 8.30 on 2WG, 3BO, 4RO, 4TO, 4MK, 4CA; at 9.15 on 2BF.

You are indeed lucky to share the beauty secret which has been known to lovely women since the days of Cleopatra. Olive Oil, skillfully blended with Palm Oil in Palmolive soap, gives your skin a soothing massage every time you bathe.

The rich Palmolive lather gently removes every trace of blemish-making impurities and gives a fine, refreshing glow to the skin.

Palmolive's gift to you is an everlasting school-girl complexion all over.

11/751



All for love of a lady

TONY MARTIN GIVES UP NIGHT CLUBS TO PLAY MINNIE GOLF WITH LANA TURNER

By JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD is popularly supposed to be the young bachelor's paradise, where the glamor girls, outnumbering men by three to one, have to sacrifice their own preferences for the sake of being seen out with a beau.

But love can work wonders, even in this manless town.

As I write a dozen or so stricken swains are adapting themselves to the tastes of the girls they adore.

Lana Turner has a positive passion for miniature golf—which happens to be one of the popular movie fads of the moment. So what do we find?

★ ON a Saturday night, when everybody else is doing the town, Lana and her so devoted admirer Tony Martin knock a ball round one of the courses along Beverly Boulevard, with ex-night-clubber Tony being uncommonly cheerful about it.

Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton thrives on excitement and crowds.

Cary Grant is a sit-by-the-fire-at-home body.

Now, since the pair became engaged, Cary's out with Barbara dining and dancing seven nights a week.

The actor really dislikes parties. For years he's been keeping his birthday quietly with Constance Moore, who celebrates hers on the same day.

But he readily assisted with the arrangements for the lavish affair Barbara threw in honor of his birthday this year.

The party began at ten and went on till five the next morning—and Cary was there, smiling and genial, right up to the last minute.

A final word: the conservative Cary is wearing emerald-and-diamond studs and cuff-links. Barbara gave them to him last Christmas.

★ **SHOOTING** galleries have a fatal fascination for Brenda Marshall (she's an excellent shot). So in the evening, when they're not attending a premiere or concert, you'll find Brenda and swain Bill Holden wandering down Beverly Boulevard looking in on all the galleries and fun-fairs.

Even the older men about town are acquiring new tastes to suit their lady loves.

Mischa Auer's new fiancée, the attractive actress Joyce Hunter, is in with the gay younger set—Elyse Knox, Alexis Smith, Robert Stack, Nan Gwynne and the rest. So Barbara drags the former stay-at-home Mischa along to all their come-as-you-were-when-you-received-the-invitation parties and scavenger hunts.

On the other hand, Judy Garland is just cr-a-z-y to write short stories. So her fiancé, Dave Rose, is spending evenings over at Judy's place, reading her typewritten efforts.

That screen exotic Hedy Lamarr is fond of long walks in the country and likes spending the evening with her friends. So Hedy and her admirer John Howard are often to be found at the home of Hedy's dearest friend, Myrna Loy.

Then you have Priscilla Lane, who is going in for culture these days. She has just enrolled at the Uni-



● The exotic Hedy Lamarr, MGM star, enjoys long walks in the country, and prefers evenings at home to night clubs or parties. Like other devoted movie swains, her admirer, John Howard, is learning to adapt himself to her tastes.

versity of California for a course in journalism and photography. Priscilla and her beau, newspaper man John Barry, spend their evenings round the fire at Priscilla's place, where they'll argue about philosophy or the arts until far into the night.

Making a good impression on the girl's mother is always a sound scheme favored by at least two of the movie beaus.

When Mickey Rooney calls for Linda Darnell it's with a bunch of flowers for his lady love in one hand and a gift for her mother in the other.

Mickey's most recent gesture to Mrs. Darnell was a handsome bottle of perfume, her favorite kind.

The cunning young man had care-

fully inquired her taste beforehand from Linda.

Suave George Raft, who has gone all serious about blonde Betty Grable, also believes in getting on the good side of mother.

On Mother's Day he took Betty and Mrs. Grable to dinner—one of those lavish six-course affairs.

And I like the gesture lawyer Greg Bautzer, a most devoted swain, made to sentimental Dorothy Lamour. He gave her his mother's old-fashioned diamond ring.

Another love-lorn swain, dietitian Gaylord Hauser, is a determined vegetarian. The other day I saw Garbo in a Hollywood restaurant enjoying a juicy steak while Gaylord tenderly looked on.

Jottings about gems...

¶ Olympe Bradna, who married singer Douglas Wilhite recently, wore something special in "something blue" at her wedding. It was the groom's gift of a sapphire brooch.

¶ Merle Oberon wears her own jewels in "Affectionately Yours." On a black wool suit she pins two diamond plumes. For another scene she wears an iris of pointed petals and twisted leaves made of sapphires and diamonds set in platinum. This piece goes with her black evening gown.

¶ Elaine Barrie never escapes attention. A new, arresting costume is her red suit with a life-sized gold lobster pinned on the lapel.

¶ On completion of "Man Power," George Raft presented Marlene Dietrich with a personal token of his esteem, a very unusual gold bracelet. On one side the name of George was spelled out; the other side was shaped like a raft.



1 ENGAGED TO pompous Harry (Edward Ashley), Victorian belle Sarah (Jeanette MacDonald) falls in love with her singing teacher, Carl (Nelson Eddy).



3 POVERTY BECOMES serious, however, when Carl fails to sell to impresario Wyler (Charles Judels) the operetta on which he has worked for months, with Sarah in mind as star.



2 ELOPING TO Vienna, Sarah and Carl find happiness and friends like Ernst (Curt Bois), Max (Felix Bressart).



4 MYSTERIOUS OFFER of a cafe engagement is accepted gratefully by the group, with Sarah the chief singer.



5 HORRIFIED SARAH learns from Baron von Tranisch (George Sanders) that he had her engaged, and expects her gratitude.



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MADE NANCY THINK:
"HER STORY
COULD BE MINE"

And it could be yours too! If she but learns the art of fascination, ANY girl can make herself the heroine of some true-life romance—more thrilling, by far, than fiction. But one thing most men demand—a flower-like skin. And here, Erasmic Face Powder will help to give your complexion the delicate soft bloom of a freshly untended rose. Even its haunting fragrance suggests some lovely garden at close of day.

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AND NATURAL

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E.12.39

Coward saw work filmed

NOEL COWARD has seen two versions of his operetta, "Bitter Sweet," as they reached the screen.

In 1933, Anna Neagle starred in a British adaptation of the musical. Noel Coward was a frequent visitor to the set.

A matter of months ago, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy made MGM's technicolor production of "Bitter Sweet." Noel Coward saw the actors at work, and was later given a special Hollywood preview of the completed film.

"Bitter Sweet" incidentally revealed the versatility of Nelson Eddy as a musician.

Accustomed to accompanying himself at all concert rehearsals, the star found it easy to play the piano for singing-lesson scenes in the film. He accompanied Jeanette MacDonald in both duet and solo numbers.

He had as well to play the violin in the Viennese cafe sequences. Here the studio called in one of its orchestra violinists to polish up Mr. Eddy's violin fingering and bowing.

A good pupil

MGM's music director, Herbert Stothart, who coached Eddy in the essentials of conducting an orchestra—necessary for yet another sequence in "Bitter Sweet"—declared that the singer's sound musicianship made the task a pleasure.

None of these praises was given to another actor, Felix Bressart, who also had to portray a musician in the film.



6 SARAH BREAKS her cafe contract, but Lord Shayne (Ian Hunter) warns them that the enraged Baron, a superb swordsman, intends forcing Carl into a duel.

For Felix, facility on the harp was necessary, but he was turned over as a pupil to the eccentric whim of teacher Harpo Marx!

Jeanette MacDonald had no such extra tuition to take. Indeed, during the filming of "Bitter Sweet," she was doing some long-distance coaching herself.

MGM has been sending out to inquirers a pamphlet written by Jeanette herself, and called, "The Royal Road to Song." When one woman wrote 15 times from the same address in the Middle West, Jeanette asked that inquiries be made. It was discovered that this woman, a singing teacher herself, was handing out the pamphlets as instruction to the members of her class.

As soon as "Bitter Sweet" was completed, Jeanette went off again on her own "Royal Road to Song"—the final section of her often-interrupted concert tour.

She has but recently returned to Hollywood and study, in preparation for her next musical, "Smilin' Through."



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Hair on chin, neck, legs, etc., positively REMOVED, and the ROOTS DESTROYED FOR GOOD. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed! If unobtainable locally, 2/6 post free from Le Charme, Box 22361, G.P.O., Sydney.

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Movie news . . .

AMBULANCE-DRIVER Elizabeth Binnie efficiently operates movie camera as well as an ambulance. Elizabeth raises more than £50 by showing colored movie of her trip to England, the Continent (parts of it), and America. Proceeds for N.E.S. ambulance.

I'm lost in admiration of her colored shots of Scotland's lochs, and the Changing of the Guard taken through the railings of the Palace.

As well as working film projector, Miss Binnie compers the show . . . and excellently.

I like . . .

STORY of Free French soldier at Y.W.C.A. Open House. He couldn't speak English so he said it with flowers . . . disappeared in middle of party, came back with armful of pink sweet-peas and presented a few to most of 200 girl hostesses.

Gala for furs . . .

FIRST glimpse of packed Conservatorium foyer before curtain rises on Australian Ballet makes me think I've stumbled on annual gathering of foxes and ermines. Simply everybody there . . . Red Cross benefits.

Caped in fox . . . Noreen Dangar, silver . . . Mrs. Eric Pratten, blue . . . Mrs. George Norrie, silver . . . Philippa Stephen and Betty Hordern, blue. Mrs. Malcolm Mackellar, Mrs. Jim Lowry, Mrs. Lex Albert romp home in ermine stakes.

Night out for velvets, too, temperature being somewhere near freezing point. Joan Waterhouse's cinnamon fox chunky is super match for ring velvet frock. Joan Holman in burgundy velvet, Helen Foster in black. Mrs. G. C. Muirhead-Gould, to match port wine velvet, wears yet another beautiful pair of earrings. Semi-precious stones, shoulder-length.

With Mrs. A. W. Keighley comes English visitor, Mrs. Worthington, who, although she disclaims all connection with Noel Coward's song, inevitably gets "Please Mrs. Worthington."

Darwin wedding . . .

AIR mail letters for Dr. and Mrs. Randal McDonnell, of Manly, from their son and new daughter-in-law, Flying-Officer and Mrs. Patrick Randal McDonnell, giving news of their wedding in Darwin.

Quiet ceremony followed by cocktails at Hotel Darwin . . . bride wears blue.

The bride, formerly Sybil Wilks, flew to Darwin a few weeks ago for a holiday, now she stays there as Mrs. Pat McDonnell. Bride and groom first met three years ago. Sybil, the younger daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. W. B. D. Wilks, formerly of Shanghai, has a sister Audrey in Sydney.

More helpers needed . . .

BRIDGE party at Pickwick Club raises £14 for 22nd Anti-Tank Comforts Fund . . . Mrs. Stuart Maclean and Mrs. Philip Pring organisers. Those trying for grand slams include Lady Parkhill, Mesdames Ken Patrick, Cyril Wippell, John Snell, Bill Sayers. Mrs. Pring tells me it's been a busy winter for comforts workers, surrounded by flannelette pyjamas, mittens, balaclavas, and socks in the making. More helpers are needed on Tuesday and Friday at rooms in Science House.

Not so dressy . . .

FIND there's not nearly so much "dressing-up" for celebrity orchestral concerts this year when I drop in to hear Friedman at Town Hall. Perhaps a wartime economy . . . "less evening clothes." Or maybe it's so cold returning homewards in trams and trains instead of limousines.

Meet golfer Odette McKay and mannequin Noreen Fuller warming up with coffee at interval, both well wrapped in tweeds.

Super ensemble is Mrs. Cecil Radford's beaded frock and full-length coat of same strawberry velvet, silver fox cape for added warmth. She accompanies Lorna Searl.

Front stall seats for Mrs. David Roper and Mrs. Jack Cassidy, both in heavy lace frocks and fur coats. Also there . . . the C. O. de Dardels, Mrs. H. B. Farncomb, Mrs. Hope Gibson, and Mrs. Hamilton Kirkland, who is busy organising American Tea at her Point Piper home on July 25 to aid Sydney Hospital.

Doctor weds . . .

AT three days' notice Dr. Phyllis Bodley gets leave from job of resident medical officer at Royal North Shore and wedding to mining engineer Kem Cumming takes place at St. James', King Street.

Sister Dawn Bodley attends Dr. Phyllis as bridesmaid. Small family reception afterwards at Usher's. Last year the bride returned from England, where she was doing post-graduate work.

Bridegroom goes to Malaya by air this week . . . bride following in few weeks.

Did you know? . . .

NOEL MACDONALD sends orchids from Sydney to Melbourne by plane for Patricia Sibbin to carry when she weds his brother, Spence Macdonald. Newly-weds choose Mt. Buffalo for honeymoon . . . bridegroom is member of Alpine Club.

Sylvia Keighley is in Melbourne again, visiting fiancé Adrian Quist. Planning wedding for September.

Youthful June Carr, daughter of the E. Blakeney Carrs, has successful kindergarten at Killara.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Fleming, of Wahroonga, visit Melbourne for son Ian's wedding with Jocelyn Priestley at Christ Church, South Yarra.

Mrs. Geoff Plater is staying at Cowra, where her husband is in camp. Mrs. Evan Henry there, too.

Our dried fruits . . .

LETTER from friend who recently visited Mrs. Dick Casey in Washington tells me that entertaining at Legation is done very modestly . . . and with an eye to boosting our products. Australian dried fruits are almost permanently on menu.

Seen around town . . .

SMART Melbourne visitors . . . slim, brunette Madeline Orr, green felt chapeau pierced with tall quill to contrast with grey cloth coat. Shirley McGregor, dancing in orchid sequin jacket fitted to billowing marquisette skirt.

And heard . . .

FROM Adelaide . . . John Sidney are names chosen for the John Ayers' son and heir. Sidney after his grandfather, Kidman the Cattle King.



• **LADY WAKEHURST** looks pleased when, as Red Cross president, she receives cheque for £10,000 from Mr. Frank Albert. It's Mr. Albert's gift to Red Cross.



• **"THIS IS HOW it's done,"** says sailor Jim Turner to Norma Daley, playing billiards at Y.W.C.A. Open House.



• **BALLETOMANES** Margaret Fielding Jones and Mr. Wilfred Johnson, both keen Red Cross workers, at Australian Ballet performance, Conservatorium.



• **AT LUNCH-TIME** Music Club concert Mrs. Sydney de Vries, musical organiser, Sydney de Vries and Mrs. Gordon Henty discuss sale of tickets.



• **VICE-ADMIRAL** Sir Guy and Lady Royle, who have arrived from England to join our naval community. Sir Guy is First Member of Naval Board.



• **EXCITING NIGHT** for Merle Ashton-Penhall, who makes her debut at Masonic Ball, Trocadero. Photographed during debutantes' waltz with Peter Spring.



• **C.U.S.A.** Air Force queen, Julie McGrath, at Prince's, where she holds meeting to arrange dance at Mosman Hotel this Saturday to aid her candidature.



• **JUST ENGAGED** Joan Fotheringham (left) meets sister Pat for lunch in town. Joan, senior student of Sancta Sophia, wears lovely sapphire presented by Gordon Pasfield, Agricultural Science graduate.

You Shall Have Roses

Continued from page 6

"BUT, then, if the money becomes entirely yours when you are twenty-one, what provision is made for your mother?"

"Well, there isn't any, I suppose. You mean, legally? She could claim something, couldn't she? But, of course, Mummie never would, and it doesn't matter because I shall look after her, of course."

But Geoffrey Staine was scarcely listening. He knew such an anger that he was shaken by it.

It was some days before he found himself with an hour to spare and could make his way again to Verena's home.

He asked punctiliously for Mrs. Bellamy, and was shown again to the drawing-room. She was at a tea-table drawn up by the chesterfield. She greeted him serenely:

"How nice of you to come! Do you take tea in the afternoon, or do you prefer something else?"

He said he would like tea, and realised as he dropped into the big armchair that she had moved it quickly as she offered it so that the light from the windows would not catch his tired eyes. So she knew he was tired.

"Verena should be here any minute," she said casually when she had given him tea. "Try these sandwiches. If you like them, I'll ring for more."

"I really don't think—" he began, for the effort to eat seemed unnecessary.

"Did you have any lunch?" she said accusingly.

"Why, no, as a matter of fact, I—"

She put three sandwiches on his plate and went across and rang the bell.

As she turned back to him their eyes met. He was smiling. Roslyn Bellamy thought, with a little catch at her heart: If he smiles at her like that, how can she help but be in love with him? Then she sat down and schooled herself to play the perfect hostess.

Geoffrey Staine sat back in the deep armchair and relaxed. It was very still, and quiet; so blessedly quiet.

Roslyn Bellamy almost held her breath. She thought he was asleep, but she was not quite sure. Not sure enough to get up and take the cup from his hand. Yet if he dropped it it would surely wake him. She wanted him to sleep.

The door opened quickly and Verena came in. Roslyn turned to hold up a warning hand, but it was too late. Geoffrey Staine stirred and sat up abruptly. She heard the little clink of cup against saucer and wondered how much tea he had spilt. Without looking at him, she spoke quickly, lightly to Verena:

"Hullo, darling. Come and have tea. I wondered where you were. Here is a friend of yours."

Geoffrey had recovered himself, although he was mopping his knee with a big handkerchief.

"I do beg your pardon, Mrs. Bellamy. But I don't think any has gone on the chair."

"Better the chair than your suit. Lots of people have spilt tea on that chair, and we find it blends in with the pattern quite nicely. Take Mr. Staine's cup, darling."

Verena giggled.

"Mummie never fusses," she assured Geoffrey. "Except about me," she added as an afterthought. "And oh, Geoff, why did you come without letting me know? I've promised to go out."

"Who with, darling?" Roslyn spoke lightly but Geoffrey saw the anxiety darkening her eyes.

"Oh, only Tony, Mummie. He's just telephoned. His leave is up the day after to-morrow. He's asked me to have dinner with him to-morrow. That's all right, isn't it?"

"Wouldn't you like him to come here?"

"Oh, Mummie, it's so much more fun to go out. But, Geoff—"

"I'm not able to stay very long," Geoffrey was standing looking down at her. "You run along. I shall come again just as soon as I possibly can. If you would like me to?" His grey eyes teased her.

Roslyn watched them. She knew that, although he had spoken to Verena, the challenge was for her.

"He's teasing you, darling. He intends to come, whether we want him or not." Her voice held a note of laughter—youthful, gay laughter.

Verena looked at her, a swift, surprised look, questioning and yet comprehending. She looked from Roslyn to Geoffrey, and her mouth curved in a little secret smile.

There was a little silence when she had gone. Geoffrey, eating sandwiches and supplied with fresh tea, said suddenly:

"I was terribly rude just now. But you were partly responsible. Your voice—I was so-soothed. I am as refreshed as if I had slept for hours."

WHAT'S the ANSWER?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1—July marches on, with its wintry cold. Did you know that—in addition to coldness—July and August resemble each other in both being called after Ancient Roman Emperors—ancient Roman gods—members of the Caesar family—goddesses.
- 2—Anyhow, winter months are a good time for mulligatawny soup, with its characteristic flavor of Curry—nutmeg—hambone—her-ring-roe.
- 3—Nice work, the recent torpedoing of a Nazi pocket battleship. Germany's three sister pocket battleships, you remember, were the *Deutschland*—*Scharnhorst*—*Graf Spee*—*Bismarck*—Admiral Scheer—Gneisenau.
- 4—Flash back to the schoolroom, and complete the line which begins: *The Assyrian came down like* . . .
- 5—Clever! You know that that line was from Byron's "The Destruction of Sennacherib," did you? Well, do you know that Sennacherib was An ancient King of Assyria—
- 6—Hands across the Tasman! The larger of New Zealand's two islands is the North Island—South Island.
- 7—You identify Colonel Knox with the United States office of Secretary of War—Under-Secretary of State—Secretary to the President—Secretary for the Navy.
- 8—Trappists are, or were An austere Monkish order—fur traders—nineteenth century industrial revolutionists—foreign mercenary soldiers.
- 9—Of course you know plenty about the great Australian statesman, William Charles Wentworth. Was he the same Wentworth as the one who crossed the Blue Mountains with fellow-explorers Blaxland and Lawson? Yes—no.
- 10—And for the lucky last, did you know that jet is a kind of Mineral—volcanic crystal—sea growth—fossil.

Answers on page 30

You have the most beautiful voice I have ever heard."

"Except for Verena's?"

"No. I cannot even except Verena's." Remembering the way she had received his first compliment, he looked at her quickly to see how she was taking this one. But her glance was downwards, and her tea-cup apparently of absorbing interest. He wanted to make her look up again. He said abruptly:

"Tell me. You worry very much about Verena, don't you?" She did look up then, her gaze wide and frank.

"Yes, I do. I want her to be happy. And what with her exceptional beauty and the wretched money, it makes me suspicious of everyone. I hate to be always asking where she is going or who she has met. I want to be her friend, and I'm frightened that I shall only drive her from me."

Geoffrey looked at her with eyes that were very kind.

"I can't think that you will ever do that. But the obvious solution seems to be to find a really suitable man and get her safely married to him."

"Yourself?"

"Honestly, I think you might do much worse."

Roslyn Bellamy said steadily:

"Well, you must come and see us again soon."

Geoffrey Staine came again soon; and thereafter as often as his work permitted.

Sometimes Verena was at home; sometimes she was not. Once Roslyn said apologetically:

"She has so many friends. And now her first-aid and cookery classes are taking up a lot of her time."

Geoffrey said:

"It's restful here with you."

Roslyn was writing letters on that afternoon when the postman's knock sounded with such particular distinctness.

She heard Bessie go to collect the letters, and then go upstairs to Verena.

The door flew open. Verena ran across the room.

"Oh, Mummie! Mummie dear! I've had a letter—from Tony. I didn't know anyone could write so beautifully. He wants me to marry him. It's all right, isn't it? You see, his old uncle's died, so now he's frightfully rich, so he says my being rich doesn't matter any more."

Roslyn steadied herself. Her hands were cold and trembling. Anger and distress shook her whole being.

"And what about Geoffrey?" she asked.

"Listen—listen, Mummie dear. I know what we'll do. We'll telephone him and ask him to come as soon as he can, and then we'll explain and—"

"You will explain," said Roslyn furiously. "I think you've behaved disgracefully."

Geoffrey Staine came that evening. When he found them together in the drawing-room he said with such relief that Roslyn could have cried:

"Good Heavens! I was afraid you were ill!"

Verena ran to him and caught his arm.

"Who? I mean, which of us?"

"Good Heavens, how should I know? I've only just had the message asking me to come here as soon as possible and that it was urgent." He looked at her so wrathfully that Verena laughed.

"That was me. I mean, I had to make it sound urgent because it was. Geoff, listen! I want to marry Tony Mulholland. Do you mind?"

"Mind?" he said stupidly.

"You don't, do you?"

"Why," began Geoffrey slowly—"I mean, I want you to be happy."

Verena stood on tiptoe and kissed him. Then she went to Roslyn and held her close a moment and said:

"I knew—I knew the first time I saw you together, that you were made for each other. Oh, Mummie, darling, we're all going to be so happy!"

Then she was gone.

Roslyn was nearly in tears.

"She shouldn't—you mustn't. Oh, I'm so sorry! Please, don't be dreadfully hurt."

Geoffrey strode across to her and took her in his arms.

"Roslyn! Why do you care if I'm hurt?"

For a moment she resisted, then she gave herself to the strength of the arms that held her. And answered him with simple truth:

"Because I love you!"

Geoffrey Staine entered his kingdom.

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HOT

SOME LIKE THEM
COLD

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Sergeant's snapshot diary from Crete



"EVACUATION OF TROOPS, Suda Bay, Crete. Don't know where they got full equipment from. Half hour prior to this five dive-bombers attacked this ship. No hits—hence the picture."



"THE DAY WE ARRIVED BACK from Greece and after getting our hats out of our haversacks. Some were tied on the outside, others jammed in, all a bit squashed."



"QUIATS (KITES) IN VOLOS HARBOR. Lots of these small boats in Greece. Lucky for a lot of our boys who got hold of them and came across to Crete. We also transported most of our equipment in them."



"WALKING WOUNDED arriving at Volos, in Northern Greece, the day before Fritz decided it was time we left. The boys stood up to blitzkrieg magnificently—here and in Crete."



SERGEANT HUXLEY and a cobbler on Crete. "After leaving Greece, arrived here and stayed three weeks under these trees—about 500 years old. One blanket—tinned food plentiful. Were not lonely, as we had plenty of visitors day and night. We have just had a feed of loquats got from nearby village cheaply."

SERGEANT ARTHUR HUXLEY sent these pictures with the crisp comments printed under them to a cobbler in Australia who was with him in the first A.I.F. They provide vivid pictorial footnotes to the evacuations from Greece and Crete and the heroism of Australian and New Zealand troops who fought their way out.



"MAJOR CRANE extracting an abscessed tooth in a new sort of surgery on Crete. The patient still believes in painless dentistry."



"HEY, DIG, IS THIS CRETE?" That's what I heard one day on Crete and took this. The boys had been dodging round in this boat for 13 days."

Brief Return

Continued from page 7

JENNY took the kitten up to her room with her that night. It was her only admission of the loneliness of the night she was making.

Staring upon the moonlight patterns on the carpet of my own room for hours, I could still come to no conclusions. The facts as I knew them were contradictory, inconsistent; Jenny's part in the thing terribly troublesome.

And about midnight I roused to an extremely chilling and unpleasant thought. I was sure that Jenny hadn't murdered Basil. I believed Alice hadn't murdered him.

So then, who had?

It must be someone we knew. I was frightened. I hadn't been frightened up till then in just that way.

It must have been two o'clock when I got up and went downstairs. I was tired of turning and twisting on a mattress that began to feel as if it were stuffed with bricks, and I was hungry. Hot milk, I told myself, was the thing.

The light was on, as always, above the stairway; I went quietly down and into the pantry and after foraging about and finding milk and cold chicken I went on into the kitchen. It is a large, old-fashioned kitchen with many windows. The pantry door swung gently to behind me and I moved quietly about heating the milk while the blank, hinged black windows watched me.

Indeed, it began to seem to me that the windows were really watching. It was so strong a feeling of eyes somewhere watching me that I went at last to the windows towards the kennels, intending to look out and satisfy myself that no one was there.

It was a mistaken impulse on my part. For as I approached the window something beyond that black pane ducked swiftly out of sight, making me turn hurriedly in fear.

I am sure it was a face. There was a white blur and it moved quickly and was at about the height that a man, standing there at the window, would be. I am sure it was not a reflection, tricking me as I moved.

And if it was a face I didn't know whose it was. Moreover, I didn't know why anyone would be there at that time of night.

I left all the kitchen lights burning and the cold chicken and milk on the table and hurried upstairs through a still silent house. I locked my door.

After a while I had argued myself into accepting the reflection theory. And next morning did not tell how or why the milk was left out. But the next morning, too, Joe found a curious thing and brought it to me. It was a rope, short, per-

haps ten feet, and frayed at both ends.

"Where was it? Why did you bring it to me?"

"It was on the grass just below the kitchen windows, Miss Mary," said Joe. "And no one remembers leaving it there."

"Is it like any other rope that we have about?"

"Yes'm. It's a common kind. But"

"But what, Joe?"

"I only wanted you to see it, Miss Mary," said Joe.

He went away, an inscrutable look on his old face. This was, of course, July the ninth, the second day after the murder. Reporters were already at the door being gently and flatteringly turned away by Joe as I came downstairs to breakfast. When he had closed the door firmly I came on down.

"Here's a telegram, Miss Mary," he said, and gave it to me—without a tray, which only goes to show that Joe, too, was feeling a certain strain. It proved to be, however, not from Alice, but instead and exasperatingly from the company Robert worked for, saying they would send on his telegraphic address as soon as possible.

Alice's prolonged silence began to take on more and more troublesome a meaning. She had been gone, then, nearly thirty-six hours. By that time the whole country was plastered with newspapers containing in headlines the story of Basil's murder. Wherever Alice was, she couldn't have failed to learn of Basil's death. And if she were altogether innocent and did not fear questioning she ought to have come forward and let us, at least, know of her whereabouts.

Early that morning, too, Sergeant Walters telephoned for a description of the dress Alice had worn when she went away. Jenny gave it to him, and if Alice ever in her life had a dark brown dress with green spots on it, then I had never seen her wear it. Jenny wouldn't look at me when she came back to the table.

After breakfast I went to look for Hugo and didn't find him, although cook said that the food that had been prepared and put in his kennel the night before was gone. Of course, some animal from the woods may have taken it, although I don't know that rabbits have any particular craving for chunks of meat. But, then, there are always birds.

Coming back through the garden I encountered Alastair. He was standing on the footbridge, smoking, and, seeing me, came to meet me.

He smiled and said: "Reporters were at my house this morning. Wanted me to do a story about Basil. What I knew of Basil Houlit. 'Best Friend's Story of the Enoch Arden Murder.' How Basil would have hated all this," he said, and sighed. "How are you this morning, Miss Mary?"

"How do you suppose I am?" I inquired, not very graciously. "By the way, our dog—or, rather, Basil's dog—has disappeared. You haven't seen him, have you?"

He said no, without much interest, and asked me abruptly what I thought about Basil's murder. "Who killed him, I mean?" he said.

"I wish I knew."

"Are you sure of that, Miss Mary?" he inquired thoughtfully, and as I didn't reply but just looked back at him, wondering what lay behind the question, he went on quietly: "After all, you know, sometimes it's better not to know too much. Basil's dead. He was my friend."

I didn't say anything, though he waited. After a moment he went on: "We were friends, through boyhood and on through manhood. He"



JENNY took the kitten to her room with her that night.

was—almost as close to me as this scar. Yet it's idle for me to deny his nature. Or that there are people to whom Basil's plane crash was an act of Providence and his return to life sheer tragedy."

I said bluntly: "Who killed him?"

He shook his head and Jenny came on the terrace and, as if the flutter of her white dress spoke, he turned instantly and saw her. And again I didn't like the way Jenny came quickly—almost eagerly, indeed—down the steps, and along the path to meet him.

I went on into the house. Alastair didn't stay long, however, for when I got back from telephoning to Tom to ask if he or the police had any news at all, he had gone and Jenny was sitting on the terrace steps with her chin in her hands.

Time, I told myself, would settle the thing and time very nearly did.

About eleven o'clock, however, as nobody came and my seething nervousness approached boiling point, I suggested to Jenny that we drive to the village for the papers and letters.

There would be a cordon of police and of reporters round Tenacres, and of the two the reporters seemed to me then the more formidable. But we were not in any sense, I told Jenny, and tried to believe it, under restraint.

Jenny, rather apathetically, agreed, and we took the small car and Jenny drove. However, she hadn't more than got the engine started and was about to back out of the garage when a policeman turned up beside us, very lean and bronzed and hard-looking.

"Going out, Miss Chace?" asked the policeman, politely enough but in a way that definitely asserted his right to know.

"Just into the village," I explained a little nervously. "We'll be back in a few minutes."

He looked at me, at Jenny, and in the other seats of the car.

"All right," he said, and scribbled something on a pad of paper he drew from his pocket. He tore out and gave me the slip of paper he'd written on. "Give it to the fellows at the entrance," he said.

Jenny let in the clutch and we jerked backward, whirled round and went rather quickly down the drive. The slip of paper had a scrawled "O.K." and a signature, "A.F.K.," which obviously referred to the policeman's name.

It seemed to me that the street and the square were very full of

people, none of whom seemed to have much to do but loiter in clusters and all of whom stared at us and nudged each other. Heads turned all along as I went into the post office. There was, of course, no post, so I came out and went into the shop next door.

I didn't, however, see anything of Tom or Sergeant Walters, although across the green there were several policemen in their blue uniforms. No one was in the shop except the proprietor, Ted Wilkins, and nobody followed me inside. I got newspapers and some cigarettes for Jenny and some sweets for myself which I didn't want.

On the other side of the green, too, and visible from the shop windows, was Tom's house and surgery. The house is long, low, and white with green shutters, and there's honeysuckle and wistaria all over it, and the surgery is a long L at one end. But Tom's black coupe wasn't in front of the house.

"I suppose this thing's been a shock to you, Miss Chace," said Ted, weighing my sweets slowly. "They say you hadn't any idea Mr. Basil was still alive."

"No, of course not. None of us knew it."

"Too bad. Everybody feels very sorry for Miss Alice." He tied the string and then retied it. "Where is Miss Alice?"

Well, of course, the newspapers were only that day beginning to concentrate upon Alice's mysterious disappearance. Still, I was pretty sure Ted knew that we didn't know where Alice had gone.

"She will be back in a day or two," I said—I hoped confusingly, for Ted is a purveyor of news. "May I use your telephone?"

He waved at the box and I put in a wholly unnecessary call to cook, my eyes glued to as much of the square as I could see through the little glass window in the box. There still wasn't anything, however, except Rodney Loveday, who came into the shop to complain about a film that had or had not been sent away to be developed. It was very hot in the box, so I was forced presently to emerge. And I got the only scrap of news our expedition uncovered from Rodney.

"Mrs. Loveday brought the film in," Ted was saying as I came out. "How was I to know—"

"When did you send it away?" began Rodney, spluttering, and saw me. "Why, Miss Mary!"

He was very hot and pink. He accompanied me to the car, politely carrying my newspapers.

"Have you any news of the murder?" I asked him, as I got into the seat beside Jenny.

"I was about to ask if you had," he said. "All I know is they've got Collins over there now. Something about the man he says he saw. And they've questioned just about everybody—even the milkmen and the bus drivers and the telephone girls and the delivery boys. Have you had word from Alice?"

"No, not yet. Collins' man is the only clue to the real murderer that I know of."

"Well, that's something," said Rodney, wiping his hot forehead. "It must have been done by some tramp or burglar or—Where do you suppose Alice has gone?"

It's queer, but up to that very instant I hadn't any doubt that Alice had gone of her own free will. But just then, there in the bright, hot sun, I thought: Suppose Alice didn't go away?

Rodney

must have seen something of the horror of the thought flash across my face, for he said quickly: "You'll hear from her soon. Don't worry. She's gone to Robert, of course."

Jenny, luckily, hadn't caught our unspoken thought. She said: "How's Cynthia?"

"She's a bit under the weather," said Rodney, looking worried, as he did when anything threatened Cynthia. "Nothing much; heat, I imagine. Tom came in to see her this morning."

"Oh," said Jenny. "Ready, Cousin Mary?"

Her finger whitened on the starter. Rodney had to shout the bit of news he gave over the rattle of the engine: "Bates is here. Came this morning."

"Who's Bates?" shouted Jenny. "The man from Scotland Yard. For the inquest to-morrow."

Jenny backed out with a roar. Several men loitering on the pavement started hurriedly for the post office. As we turned the corner I saw her glance once towards Tom's surgery.

At the corner two motor cycles appeared in our wake.

We didn't say much on the way home. But as we reached our drive lost the motor cycles and passed the police and a cluster of staring reporters, and at last stopped at the garage entrance. Jenny said: "Cynthia wears pink chiffon bed-jackets. Shall I take the papers, Cousin Mary?"

I don't believe I answered. I was looking into the hot green shadows in the woods. Suppose Alice hadn't gone to Robert after all?

In a way, I suppose, it was fortunate that Rodney had warned us of the arrival of Superintendent Bates and thus of the general gathering of forces. But still we were not really prepared for them all when they arrived, as they did shortly after lunch.

Tom, of course, came along. Tom, in fact, launched the interview while the superintendent watched us from remarkably deep-set eyes under a slightly bulging forehead, and brooded on our replies. Walters and the sergeant, "A.F.K.," both looked very hot in their trim blue uniforms, and a policeman with the slightest hair I've ever seen took down all our replies in shorthand.

Tom was very pale under his tan and looked tired and drawn, as if he hadn't been sleeping.

They began at once, or rather Tom did, looking awfully white and tense round the mouth as if he hated to say what he had to say. But, with Walters' little blue eyes watching and the superintendent alert under his bulging forehead for any remissness on Tom's part, I suppose he had to say it. And I decided instantly and too late that I ought to have warned Jenny of the revolver; I had expected Tom to come back alone and tell her.

I had, in fact, expected anything but just what did happen. The child met it unprepared and still wouldn't tell the truth that I had hoped would absolve her.

Please turn to page 30

'worth a guinea a box'



Beecham's Pills
For a ripe old age!

Today there are millions of happy, healthy people who have found Beecham's Pills to be the secret of life-long fitness. Why don't you adopt the Golden Rule

of Health and take Beecham's Pills to keep free from everyday ills? Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable; gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Take them from today!

Obtainable everywhere.

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Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged—if he is listless, won't eat or is out of sorts—start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powders. He will soon be lively and eating with his old healthy appetite. BARKO tones up a dog's whole system and benefits his coat.

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... PRICED FOR THE WARTIME POCKET

You can buy a fast-colour Nile Handkerchief with hand-tailored border for 1/1. Another 3d. puts your initial on it. For ladies there are Nile Handkerchiefs at 9d. (with initials 1/-). You'll like the bold modern patterns—and the smooth-woven Egyptian yarn which distinguishes these long-wearing handkerchiefs.

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NILE

THE HANDKERCHIEF WHICH STAYS SMART!

SOLD SINGLY OR IN FASCINATING GIFT BOXES

ASK ALSO FOR NILE ATHLETIC SINGLETS AND UNDERPANTS
Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd., 124 Broadway, Sydney.



MOSCOW GARRISON units on parade before Lenin's tomb.

How Soviet armies are fed

A SPECIALIST in Russian cookery, Miss Wolman ran a Russian restaurant in Melbourne for a time.

"A large part of the Russian Army is made up of peasants from the vast farm areas. They are strong men with big appetites," she said.

"The foundation of their diet is still black bread made from whole rye grain and with caraway seeds through it.

"All Russians eat far more bread than we do in Australia, and black bread is ideal for the Army. It is hard without being tough, and it keeps well.

"The Army to-day is equipped for modern warfare. Wherever the troops go mobile kitchens complete with refrigerating units go with them.

"There is meat every day. It is usually beef. Very little mutton is eaten in Russia. Tons of potatoes go through the Army kitchens, and as soup (or bortsch) is served every day, and cabbage is the foundation of bortsch, millions of cabbages are used by the commissariat.

"The men are very fond of boiled meat and always eat the meat out of their soup.

"As to what they drink: There is no vodka for Russian soldiers while the war is on. Indeed, war or no

"The Russian soldier eats plenty of black bread, potatoes, cabbage, soup and beef, and drinks lots of tea," says Miss Minka Wolman, Australian-born Russian girl living in Melbourne. "Like most Russians, he is a big eater. He likes tasty dishes, and gets them."

Miss Wolman's father comes from Borisoe in White Russia, 60 miles from Minsk. She has cousins fighting in the Russian Army.

war, you never see a drunken Russian soldier. There is a very severe punishment for drunkenness.

"They drink lots of milkless tea with lemon and sugar. The sugar is not the cane sugar we know, but beet sugar, which is hard and more like a candy.

"A man will have his lump of sugar. He bites a piece off. He does not put it in his tea, but holds it in his mouth and drinks the tea through it.

"In the Russian Army private soldiers do not have to salute officers in the street, because they are all comrades. However, all officers have to rise from the ranks, so their men look up to them as people with more knowledge than they have.

"The Russian Army still eats traditional national food, though some of the ingredients may come in tins.

"In case readers would like to try some of the dishes the Russian soldier likes, I will give you a few recipes."

TRY THESE RUSSIAN RECIPES

KAPORISTA BORTSCH

Two lbs. of beef or oxtail, half a cabbage chopped finely, 2 beetroot put in whole, 1lb. or 1 tin of tomatoes. Cook all together for 5 hours with a lot of water. As it is cooked add the juice of 1 lemon, half a bay leaf, 1 dessertspoonful of sugar and a couple of little peppers, salt and pepper. The beetroot must be taken out, grated and put back. Serve with a dessertspoonful of sour cream (Smetana). Some people like to put in potatoes as well, or use pork for meat. Makes soup enough for a family and is even nicer on the second day.

ORF SYANKA

Quarter pound millet, 1 carrot, 1 onion, some celery, salt and pepper. Cook slowly in water for four hours. This is a very thick, creamy soup. (For 4 people.)

SETYFKA

Some brown lentils, about 1lb., 1 carrot, parsley, 1 onion, celery. Cook slowly for 4 hours. As the vegetables keep their shape they have to be mashed before the soup is served.

BOROEKE BORTSCH

Two beetroot, 1 clove garlic, 2 to 3 pints water according to the size of the beetroot. Cook slowly for four hours. When nearly cooked grate the beetroot, add juice of 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon of sugar, half a bay leaf. Just before serving remove the pot from the fire for a moment, remove garlic, then put in the yolk of an egg. Do not return to the fire, but serve at once with sour cream. This can be served either hot or chilled. If hot some mashed potatoes or one new potato could be added to the centre of the plate. If cold, chop up some cucumber and put a dessertspoonful in the bortsch just before serving.

ZHARKOI

Two pounds top rib beef, cut into 1 1/2 inch cubes, 1lb. onions, sliced thickly, one clove garlic, crushed. Put saucepan on the gas without anything in it. When it is hot put

in the meat and onions over very high gas. Brown both together, stirring every few minutes. By the time they are brown enough fat is melted to cook the dish. Add salt and pepper.

Put on a tight-fitting lid and cook over very low gas for 4 hours. After 2 hours add some halved potatoes. Stir occasionally. Potatoes come out brown. If liked, lima beans can also be added, but they must be soaked overnight and partly cooked first.

KOTLETKI (Rissoles)

One and a half pounds steak, finely chopped, 2 eggs, 2 slices of water-soaked bread, 1 large onion, grated, 1 clove garlic, crushed, salt and pepper. Mix well together. Mould into oval-shaped rissoles. Fry in fat. Pour off fat, put flour in the pan and make a sauce with sour cream. Or for a change put the rissoles in tomato gravy.



ON MANOEUVRES. Russian Army is well fed whether on training-ground or battle-front.



END CONSTIPATION TO-NIGHT

If you suffer from constipation, take one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets before retiring. There is no gripping pain, no stomach upsets. In the morning Figsen acts . . . thoroughly, effectively, yet so gently and mildly. Except for the pleasant relief Figsen brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. NYAL FIGSEN is a pleasant-tasting, natural laxative that is just as good for youngsters as it is for grown-ups. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere. 1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature . . .

Nyal Figsen
FOR CONSTIPATION

GIRLS! GIRLS!

DEFENCE WORK

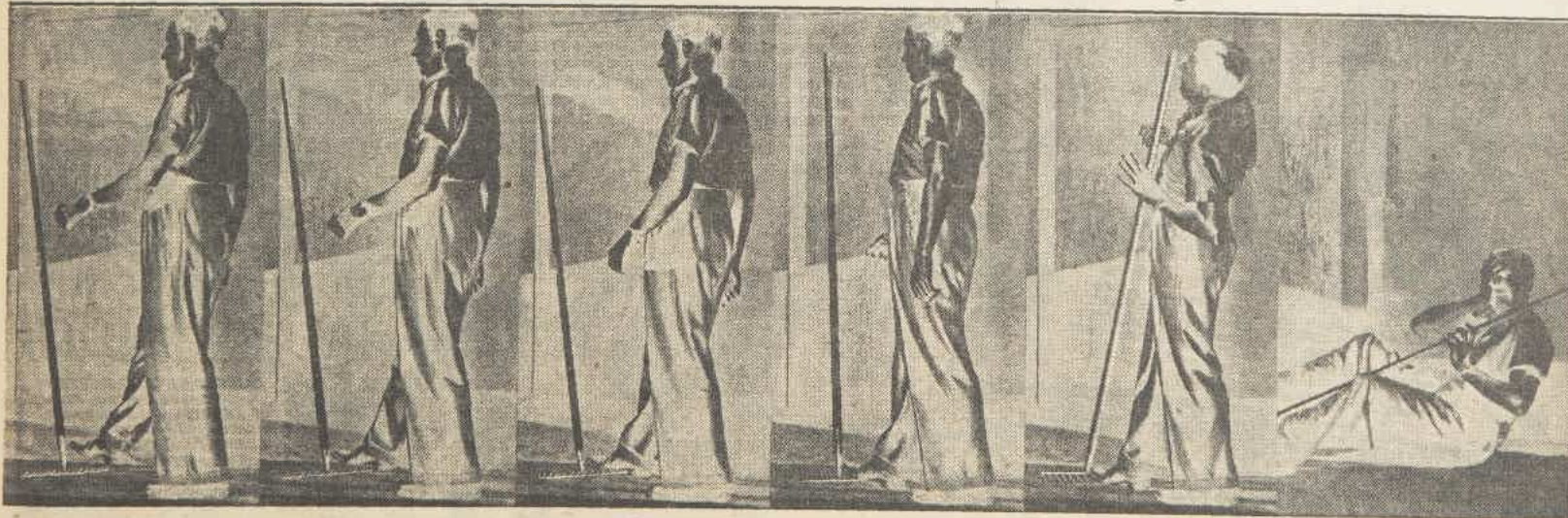
Applications are invited from girls aged 14-18 for permanent positions in textile industry on defence work. High rates of pay, weekly bonuses, six-monthly increases, musical sessions, morning and afternoon tea supplied, etc. Phone LA3391 for details or apply personally to John Vicars & Co. Pty. Ltd., Woollen Manufacturers, 34 Victoria Road, Marrickville.

Pimples Go Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples like magic. Use Nixoderm to-night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Bolls, Red Blotches, Eczema, Ringworm, and Kryptophia. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm NOW 2/1
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

Amazing Cats-Eye Camera ... sees dark as light !



Did you know that this is how a Cat's Eye sees at night? Cats must think we're crazy. Fancy walking into a garden rake in the dark. There's no reason why you should. If you want to go out the back at night, or get up after the family's all asleep, or look for something under the house, keep the beam of an **EVEREADY** flash-light in front of you. When you can see—YOU'RE SAFE! Hold on—don't shop for bargain torches. Insist on an **EVEREADY** flash-light filled with **EVEREADY** batteries. It always works. 5/9d. complete.



77.41

Brief Return Continued from page 28

TOM made it as easy as he could by offering her a way out. For he said: "Jenny, don't get upset about this, but you see the revolver you and Miss Mary bought last spring has been found. It was in the bed of Hoult River below the bridge. I expect Miss Mary told you we had found it." At his first word Jenny's face had become so rigid you couldn't tell what she was feeling, and Tom went on quickly, explaining, giving her a chance.

"We found it, and it was sent into town for an expert's report on it and on the bullet that killed Basil."

"And you now have the report?" said Jenny in the quietest, coldest little voice.

"Well—yes."

"I suppose you've come to arrest me?"

Walters said, "No, certainly not, Miss Jenny. Just tell us what you know of the revolver."

"Then the bullet did come from that revolver?" said Jenny.

Tom nodded slowly, forcing her to look at him. Walters ran a finger round his collar and said it did. "No two ways about it, Miss Jenny. That revolver of yours fired that bullet. It is your revolver, isn't it?"

The shorthand lad scribbled furiously, and I hurried to prevent his making a record of her admission.

"No more hers than mine," I intervened. "We talked about getting it and decided we'd better have one since we were so much alone."

"Who bought it?" That was Walters.

"I—" began Jenny, and I interrupted again.

"Well, it just happened that Miss Jenny made the actual purchase; that's why it was registered in her name, I suppose. But it was no more her revolver than mine."

"Where'd you keep it?" asked Walters, looking at Jenny.

"In—upstairs in my room."

"When did you last see it?"

"Just a moment," said Superintendent Bates, in a deep, portentous voice, making his forehead bulge more than ever over his eyes, as if what he was about to say had the gravest possible importance. "Just a moment. Miss Shore, did you know your brother-in-law was actually alive during the past year?"

"No," Jenny replied.

"You had no notion of it whatever?"

"No," she repeated.

"Go on," Bates said to Walters.

"Well, Miss Jenny, how about it? When did you last see the revolver? Just tell us all about everything you know of it. Don't be frightened, now."

Jenny moistened her lips and said she wasn't really sure. She had kept it in a drawer of her dressing-table and had forgotten about it.

"You didn't know it was gone?" said Walters thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes. Naturally after the murder and when I knew my brother-in-law had been shot I thought of the revolver and went and looked at it—it wasn't there.

So I—well, that's all. It wasn't there."

"But you say you didn't shoot Basil Hoult yourself?" rumbled the superintendent suddenly.

"I didn't kill Basil Hoult," said Jenny, looking straight at him.

"Jenny—" Tom spoke rather softly so that her eyes went to him at once but her face didn't soften.

"Jenny, I expect you handled the gun recently—moved it about in the drawer—or picked it up to see if it was loaded, or something like that."

Sergeant Walters, at that, turned to give Tom a very queer look and Jenny, fumbling a little for an answer, said perhaps she had. She couldn't remember exactly.

Walters, still looking rather queer, said abruptly: "Your fingerprints are on the gun, Miss Jenny."

If it was a blow, Jenny took it on the chin. For she said at once: "Are mine the only fingerprints on it?"

"No—" said Walters slowly. "There are others. But—"

"Whose?" said Jenny quickly.

Tom said: "There's no reason why she shouldn't know the truth. There are several fingerprints on it; yours, Jenny, one of Joe's, one of Miss Mary's. The prints were a little smudged in the necessary handling involved in getting the revolver out of the water. But enough recognisable bits remained to give us four prints."

"Who—" began Jenny, and Tom said quickly: "Basil's was the fourth. But it wasn't suicide. There's no possibility of suicide."

Again the Scotland Yard man rumbled: "The point is, Miss Shore, the matter of your own fingerprint; can you satisfactorily explain it?"

"Naturally, my fingerprints would be on the gun," said Jenny. "I wouldn't think of wiping them off—why should I? It seems to me, though, that anyone using the gun to shoot Mr. Hoult would have erased his own fingerprints and thus erased all of the fingerprints."

Tom said quietly: "There's one print of yours, Jenny. It's a little blurred."

"How do you know it's hers?" I asked.

Tom glanced at me briefly: "Walters got all your fingerprints yesterday. Yours and Jenny's and the servants' from the dishes. Alice's from a mirror in her room that Mabel got for him. Basil's from the shaving kit in one of his bags. Walters didn't think it necessary to trouble you about it."

Thoughtful of him! But I didn't see that Jenny's one fingerprint on a revolver everybody knew belonged to her was incriminating, and I said so.

"No," said Walters. "It might not be if we had any proof that somebody else had the revolver."

"Anybody could have taken it," I snapped. "There are people in and out of the house all the time."

"But only people you know," said Walters. "What's your version of the murder, Miss Mary? I mean, who do you think did it?"

"The man Collins saw, of course," I said promptly. "There's no one else to do it. I should think you'd go after the man with the bag—"

"There was no man with a bag," said Superintendent Bates with great portentousness, and Walters said quickly, interrupting, "How do you think such a man would get hold of Miss Jenny's revolver?"

Well, I didn't know. I said to Tom: "Why does Mr. Bates say there was no man with a bag? Has Collins—"

Collins retracted his story; admitted he didn't see anything and was only trying to get back into your good graces."

I wished I had my fingers on Collins' fat neck.

And Jenny said suddenly: "I didn't tell you the truth about the revolver, Sergeant Walters. I'm going to now."

Tom's eyes shot to her and he took a quick step forward as if to stop her, and I think I said, "Jenny—"

but she wouldn't look at Tom or listen to me.

She went on quickly: "I didn't tell you the truth about the revolver just now. I was afraid to. But I see now I was wrong. You see I—I did take the revolver out of the

scissors and some tulip catalogues in the basket too. He may not have noticed the gun."

Jenny was not a good liar.

But the trouble was that in among the cracks of a lie so patent that you couldn't believe it for a moment there ran a curious thread of truth.

There was something about that specious story that was true; something Jenny wanted us to know. So she made up a story in order, in that story, to get some bit of the truth to us. It was I think the very falsity of the story that suggested its explanation to me; Tom must have extracted from it the same impression that I did, for he was looking extremely perplexed and angry.

But to Walters and the Superintendent it must have seemed only a lame attempt to shift responsibility for the revolver. And my trouble and Tom's was that we had no way of knowing exactly where that important grain of truth lay.

Or was there, after all, more in it than another of Jenny's blindly and dangerously devoted attempts to protect Alice? Did she only want us to think that the revolver was readily at hand to any wandering murderer chancing to stroll into the greenhouse?

Well, they questioned her about it, Walters and the Superintendent, and with every answer she made it seemed more and more evident that, again, she was forcing herself to tell an involved and specious story. Joe, however, sent for by Walters, immediately corroborated it. He had taken the flower-basket to the greenhouse and there had been some things in it, but he didn't know what. While he was there they questioned him again about the night of Basil's murder and he just simply told the truth of what he knew.

When the Superintendent asked if he had ever touched the revolver he told him he had. "I cleaned it when Miss Jenny brought it home," he added.

"Have you had it since then?" Bates asked.

"No, sir."

"How about you, Miss Chace?" said the Superintendent to me. He spoke a little indulgently and seemed on the very verge of a smile. "I suppose you know the trigger end of a revolver."

I supposed I did. My father taught me to shoot, as he had taught Joe, and when I was younger I was very good. Joe and I didn't look at each other. I said yes, I did, but hadn't shot Mr. Hoult, if that's what he meant.

"You profited considerably by his death, I understand," said Superintendent Bates. "Is that right?"

"Yes, I suppose I have. At least, his will left the house and his money to me."

"I know all about the will," he said. "Dr. Tucker has informed me. It must have been rather a blow to have Mr. Hoult return after you'd thought him dead for so long."

The answer is—

- 1—Members of the Caesar family. (Julius Caesar and his great nephew, the Emperor Caesar Augustus).
- 2—Curry.
- 3—Deutschland, Graf Spee, and Admiral Scheer.
- 4—"... the wolf on the fold."
- 5—An ancient King of Assyria.
- 6—South Island.
- 7—Secretary for the Navy.
- 8—An austere Monkish order.
- 9—Yes.
- 10—Fossil.

Questions on page 26

drawer where I kept it. I took it out—the afternoon of Mr. Basil's return. I had heard a noise in the shrubbery the night before and it made me think there was someone about the place. So I took the revolver out and took it downstairs—and well, I don't know what happened to it. I think it was in the greenhouse."

"Greenhouse!" That was Tom. Sergeant Walters said: "What do you mean? Why the greenhouse?"

"Well," said Jenny, "I—I had it in my hand and the flower-basket was on the hall table and I put it down in the basket temporarily and—"

"And what?" said Tom as she stopped.

"Well, I went to the telephone and I suppose I simply forgot the flower-basket and the revolver. At any rate, Joe took the basket out to the greenhouse and must have taken the revolver along with it; there were

I SAID nothing, and Bates' forehead bulged forbiddingly before he went on rather pompously: "In fact, when we consider motives—as we have done rather exhaustively, for every murder is actuated by some deep and personal motive—" (Tom just here turned round and walked over to the window and looked out)—"when we came to consider motives it seemed to me—and when I pointed it out to Dr. Tucker and Sergeant Walters they agreed—that there were three very strong motives at once discernible. There are three people to whom Basil Hoult's death would be a great boon. There were three people who had profited immeasurably by his former death—"

Tom's shoulders moved very slightly and Walters' blue eyes retreated. Superintendent Bates amended quickly: "That is to say, his supposed death a year ago. And those three people were—"

He paused as in climax, and Jenny said in a clear, small voice:

"Myself, and Cousin Mary, and my sister."

His cheeks puffed out a little and went down like sails, and he looked at Jenny with disfavor and said: "Certainly. You and Miss Chace and your sister. Your sister, who married a man she was presumably in love with. Miss Chace, who inherited substantially and who, I am reliably informed, stood in grave need of money. And you, who insisted on your sister's second marriage, who were known to be on very bad terms with the dead man in spite of your obligation to him and who, since his death, lived on here in his house with all the money you needed from Miss Chace—"

Tom didn't turn from the window. Jenny began: "I—" and Superintendent Bates cut in brusquely and importantly: "Would you have remained here at Tenacres after Basil Hoult's return? I thought not. I have also considered the possibility of your sister's husband—that is, the man she married during her supposed widowhood—having murdered Basil Hoult, but I can find no evidence of his having been in the neighborhood at the time—"

"He's in America," said Jenny.

"—or having known that Hoult had turned up again. So far, of course, Blake has refused to reply to communications addressed to him, but he may be attempting to cover his wife's implication—"

"Where is Alice?" I said, addressing Tom's shoulders. He replied, without looking at me: "I don't know."

"There is no trace of her," said Superintendent Bates. "I have spoken as I have done, reminding you of motives, in order to impress upon you the seriousness of the situation. Now if you'll be so good I'll trouble you to tell the whole story of the night of July the seventh. Miss Jenny first, please."

To be continued

DO YOU KNOW?

TRIAL BY RICE!

IN INDIA, WHEN SEVERAL PEOPLE WERE SUSPECTED OF A CRIME, CONSECRATED RICE WAS GIVEN TO THEM TO CHEW. IF ANY EJECTED IT DRY, THAT WAS TAKEN TO BE PROOF THAT THE FEAR OF BEING DISCOVERED HAD STOPPED THE SECRETION, SO THAT MAN WAS FOUND GUILTY!

TEETH PULLED WITH "KEY"!

AS LATE AS 1904, DR. FILLEBROWN DEMONSTRATED THE ANCIENT "KEY" AS AN EXTRACTING INSTRUMENT. ONCE HE GAVE SUCH A PRECISE NEAT TURN THAT THE TOOTH CATAULPTED FROM THE DENTIST JAW AND STRUCK AN ASSISTANT SHARPLY ON THE FORE-HEAD! TOOTHACHE IS CAUSED BY DENTAL DECAY. KOLYNOS PREVENTS DENTAL DECAY BY CLEANING EVERY TOOTH SURGICALLY. MOLYNS LEAVES TEETH SPARKLING WITH NEW LUSTRE.

ANCIENT SKULL WITH GOLD TEETH!

ARCHAEOLOGISTS DISCOVERED IN THE RUINS OF LA PIEDRA IN ECUADOR, A SKULL WITH GOLD INLAIN TEETH! IT IS NOW IN THE HAYE MUSEUM IN NEW YORK. THE DENTAL WORK WAS SAID BY EXPERTS TO BE EXQUISITE!

DENTAL CARE AT EARLY AGE PREVENTS DECAY!

IN 1924, NEW ORLEANS, LA. 50 CHILDREN BETWEEN THE AGES OF 2 AND 4 YEARS, FROM DAY NURSERIES, AND TAUGHT THEM HOW TO CLEAN THEIR TEETH. AFTER TWO YEARS CLOSE INSPECTION THERE WAS NOT A CAVITY! PROPER CARE KOLYNOS WILL GUARD AGAINST DENTAL DECAY. KOLYNOS CLEANS TEETH ANTISEPTICALLY ENAMEL - LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN - SPARKLING WITH NEW LUSTRE.

Kiddies Love it!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

1/3 and 2/-

KOLYNOS IS MORE ECONOMICAL TOO!

IT LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES. HALF AN INCH GOES A LONG WAY!

WRITERS IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

Cancerians—people born between June 22 and July 23—are easy to live or work with.

WHEN born strongly under the sign of Cancer the Crab they are seldom aggressive or dogmatic. They prefer to seek success the smoother, nicer way, and seem to take real pleasure in submerging themselves and their personal desires so that others may shine.

In reality, however, they can be extremely tenacious, dogged, and persistent when it comes to the important things of life and to the affairs of loved ones. As a rule Cancerians want to do the right thing and even if it means unpopularity or loss will persist in their own way when convinced it is correct.

They are almost excessively sensitive, fearing ridicule and longing for genuine regard. They are timid and shy, yet can be surprisingly humorous and quick-witted when in friendly company. Although reserved, they seem to thoroughly enjoy publicity provided it is favorable.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Better times right ahead, but go carefully this coming week to avoid mis-stepping. The week begins badly but ends well. July 22, 23, and 24 (midnight) will need caution and patience. Do not begin new ventures or get into arguments then. July 24 (evening) doubtful. July 25 (afternoon) can be excellent. July 26 good between 7 and 8 p.m., but poor thereafter.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Work hard on July 19 (between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.) and on July 20 (between 7 a.m. and 1 p.m.). Very fair conditions can prevail for many then. Not spectacular, but good.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Moderately fair for most Geminians, but wise and diligent members may be able to attract quite desirable conditions, opportunities, and happiness by earnest endeavor and good plans on July 25 (afternoon). July 26 from 8 to 9 p.m. fair, then poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Last call for aggressive action by Cancerians for some time to come. Even now over-confidence is not advised. July 22 can be quite helpful, so try to consolidate past gains then. July 23 poor (very early and very late). July 19 (between 10 and 11 a.m.) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 23): Get busy, Leonians. You can now benefit through opportunities, confident action, past good work and changes. Plan ahead and then act optimistically. July 25 (noon till sunset) excellent; July 26 (between 7 and 8.30 only) and July 24 (evening) fair. Seek favors, promotion, make decisions, changes or journeys then.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Un-spectacular for most Virgoans. Modest benefits may occur on July 25 (afternoon), and mild difficulties may predominate on July 26 and 21 (evenings).

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Take care and try to avoid friction or upsets and difficulties on July 22, 23, and 24. July 25 (between noon and sunset) and July 26 (between 7 and 8 p.m.) may prove desirable.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Make a final effort to improve your affairs by being mildly aggressive in seeking promotion or other gains on July 22. July 23 (daylight) just fair, late evening adverse. July 24 mildly helpful from noon after sunrise until 3 p.m. Thereafter be cautious, especially on July 26 (very early and very late). Avoid changes or new projects and discord then. July 25 doubtful, so be cautious.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Don't waste a moment of July 25 (especially from noon to sunset). Start at least one important new venture or change then, and/or seek promotion, favors and additional happiness and gains. July 26 (between 7 and 8 p.m.) very fair, but balance poor. July 24 (evening) doubtful. July 20 and 21 may bring opposition or loss.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Continue to exercise caution on July 22, 23, and 24. Thereafter things begin to improve slightly.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): If you cannot get really urgent matters completed on July 20 or 21 (daylight), let them wait over. Over-anxiety thereafter can bring loss, opposition, and disappointment. Be particularly cautious on July 24 (evening) and 25. July 25 doubtful. Use care.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Make the most of July 22 for final efforts to get ahead. July 23 (daylight) fair, but evening poor. July 24 (between 7 a.m. and 5 p.m.) can bring gain from past endeavors or modest gains from new ventures or semi-important changes.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

Editor, A.W.W.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are trying to solve the mystery of the Walking Mummy at the Orient Museum, where **DR. WHITE:** is director. Their efforts are scorned by **DR. BENDAR:** Assistant curator. While on the way to the museum, Mandrake is tricked

into becoming a prisoner in the house of a **BEAUTIFUL GIRL:** She is afraid of him and frees him, but a **THUG:** Knocks him unconscious, and tells her his orders are to throw him into the furnace. By using hypnotism Mandrake evades his captors, but suddenly falls through a trapdoor into the cellar. **NOW READ ON.**



HE'S DOWN IN THE CELLAR!

WATCH OUT FOR HIS EYES! THEY PACK DYNAMITE!



THE THUGS SUDDENLY SEE MANDRAKE IN THE FLICKERING SHADOWS, BUT HIS HYPNOTIC GLANCE MOVES QUICKER THAN THEIR TRIGGER FINGERS---

THERE HE IS!

SHOOT--!



LOOK OUT--!

UH--!

-- AND LONG FIERY HANDS SEEM TO REACH OUT FROM THE FURNACE DOOR TOWARDS THEM!



LET'S OUT OF HERE!

LONG FIERY HANDS SEEM TO REACH OUT FROM THE BLAZING FURNACE...



WAIT A MINUTE! THAT WAS JUST ANOTHER TRICK! AFTER HIM! SHOOT--NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS!



TOO LATE! THERE HE GOES! IN THAT CAB!

HE MADE FOOLS OUT OF US. THE BOSS'LL SCALP US FOR THIS!



BACK IN THE DARK HALLS OF THE VAST MUSEUM--THE REPORTED LAIR OF THE "WALKING MUMMY."



MANDRAKE STOPS SHORT SUDDENLY--HE HEARS SOFT FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARKNESS!



OH--



SONNY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

Ooh--MANDRAKE! MY HEART ALMOST STOPPED! I CAME BACK ALONE WITH A NEW CAMERA! I'M GOING TO GET A PICTURE THIS TIME!



I EXPECTED TO MEET YOU HERE. WHAT KEPT YOU?

I WAS DETAINED. YOU'VE GOT NERVE, COMING BACK ALONE. LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT MUMMY CASE AGAIN!



IT'S STILL HERE. I JUST WANTED TO BE SURE. NOW--WE'LL WAIT--AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

TO BE CONTINUED

THE MUMMY OF SETI ANKH AMEN, AN EGYPTIAN KING WHO DIED SEVEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . Now on sale at all newsagents . . . DON'T MISS IT!

My lord went home to compose the letter which survives in the archives of Milton Court.

"Deir Freind—Yt is sore greaved at hart that I sende yow these to trouble your quiet mynde. But I were false to my dewty to you and no trew freind did I concele a certain trewth when your honour is in dalinger, for the which reason I praye yow comehome at once so that yow may recalle my ladie Crosbie to her wiffely dewty, and punish as befitte the knave who makes hys profite of yowr absence. Yow were well not to lett yowr coming bee knowne, so that yow may surprise thees shameless offenders."

That elegant letter, signed, "Yowr most assured loving friend," was delivered to Sir Arthur at Christchurch in Oxford upon the morrow. It brought that hot gentleman to

The Gordian Knot

Continued from page 8

Broughton as fast as horse could carry him.

A slight but wiry, brisk man of thirty was Sir Arthur, with a big brow above a narrow face, and moustachios that bristled like a cat's. In leather jerkin and thigh boots, he creaked into Belsingham's presence as my lord sat at supper.

"What foul lies be these of which you make yourself the sponsor?" was his fierce greeting.

My lord, gravely calm before that stormy challenge, wiped his moustachios, and rose, napkin in hand, to wave away the goggling servants, nor spoke till they were gone.

"Alas, my friend! Your disbelief does honor to your generous heart. It deepens the offence of those who wrong you. The country is agog

with the tale of it." He supplied some details. "So public is the scandal grown that already Parson Strong has remonstrated with her ladyship, but—as he tells me—in vain."

"Perish his soul for a meddlesome psalm-whiner." Sir Arthur was vehemently savage. "He's sheltered by his plaguy cloth. But I'll find some other throat to slit over this pretty story, and I'm come to do it. From whom else have you the tale?"

My lord was not comfortable. He spread his hands. "Oddsplittikins! Haven't I said that it's on the lips of the whole county?"

"Curse on the county's hasty lips. Whom do they name?"

"Faith, I don't think they've learnt his name."

YOU DON'T KNOW THE WAY I SUFFER!

NO FOOD CAN GET ME REGULAR!

WELL, IF YOU'RE KNOCKING YOUR SYSTEM WITH HARSH MEDICINES, READ THESE FACTS BEFORE MORE DAMAGE IS DONE.



STOMACH — where food is prepared for further digestion.

SMALL INTESTINE — where nutritive elements are absorbed into the bloodstream through the bowel wall.

LARGE INTESTINE — into which the residue of unabsorbed food passes.

1 THIS DIAGRAM shows how food is digested and absorbed into the system. The food not absorbed passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough the muscles can't get hold of it—you get constipated!

2 PRIMITIVE PEOPLE never had to dose themselves with harsh purgatives. They get natural "bulk" into their systems mainly from uncooked fruit and vegetables. The comparatively small amount of fruit and vegetables we eat is usually cooked. Cooking destroys "bulk". Our systems get sluggish.

3 NO VITAL "BULK" IN THESE.

Our staple foods—white bread, milk, meat, eggs, fish and potatoes contain little or no "bulk" at all. But you can get all the natural "bulk" your bowels need from a specially prepared food—Kellogg's All-Bran.

Kellogg's All-Bran brings about a normal, natural movement. It works in the same way as fruit or vegetables—but more surely, more thoroughly.

4 START OFF YOUR BREAKFAST

with two tablespoonsful of this nut-sweet breakfast cereal and you'll be SAFELY regular in a week. Kellogg's All-Bran is ready to serve with milk and sugar. Tastes extra good sprinkled over Kellogg's Corn Flakes or stewed fruit.



ONE WEEK LATER—
NOW I KNOW KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN GETS YOU REGULAR!

NO MORE HARSH PURGING FOR ME

ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FROM YOUR GROCER TO-MORROW



"THERE, Kate! There," he laughed. "His lordship would never trouble you so far. He will not tarry. Come in with you," he said again.

Belsingham advanced, a false smile of greeting on his lips. It thrilled him wickedly to behold my Lady Disdain so trapped that she dare do no other than receive him courteously. He conceived the compound of rage and fear in her vixenish heart, and he looked for rich entertainment before departing. He murmured amiabilities, excused this intrusion upon her, for which he begged her to blame her impetuous husband, professed himself with playful gallantry the gainer by it, since it privileged him to behold her ladyship in circumstances that but enhanced her loveliness.

And whilst he chatted, Sir Arthur strode about the chamber with his careless, easy air, but his glance sweeping its every corner for evidence of the hidden presence he suspected.

He came in his restlessness to the wide hearth, and with his arm upon the edge of its great cowl considered the hearthstones. They were overlaid by the soot of a heavy recent fall, and in this a trail betrayed that the fire-basket had very lately been dragged aside. Associating with this my lady's blackened hand, it was suddenly revealed to him where she had bestowed her gallant.

His smile went grim in spite of him as he turned to her. "You are pale, Kate. And trembling. Faith, it's little wonder. The weather is cold and you're but thinly clad."

"Cold?" she echoed, for the May night was of a more than seasonable warmth.

"Aye, cold, as I am. Are you not chilled, too, my lord?" He rubbed his hands together and raised his voice. "Giles! Fetch me a taper for these logs. Her ladyship is shivering."

That brought her forward in a fresh surge of terror, a hand to her breast. "No. No."

"I insist. You must have proper care for your health, Kate."

"But, Arthur, I . . . I stifle with the heat."

"Why then you must be fevered." His lordship meanwhile, having scanned the hearth, understood and savored Sir Arthur's humor. "The night airs of May are treacherous, madam." Meeting his glance, she understood at last that she was being mocked, and her terror deepened.

"Come, Giles." Sir Arthur was peremptory. "Bestir."

The old man was shuffling forward with a taper when a fresh fall of soot came down so explosively that Sir Arthur recoiled with the taste of it in his throat. At once he sprang forward again to stare at a man's hat that lay now upon the hearth; a grey castor sadly blackened, with a trailing plume held by a jewelled buckle.

"Now I wonder how that comes there. Can you conjecture, Kate? Or you, Belsingham?"

Belsingham wagged his head. "If the chimney harbors such oddities," said he, grinning, "faith, it's time you had a fire to smoke them out."

"My own opinion. To it, Giles."

Please turn to page 34

MARK EVERYTHING with Cash's NAME TAPES

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Actual Size **A.B. Williams** Style No. 6

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Won't irritate skin or rot dresses
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Use before or after shaving,
as you prefer.



ODO-RO-NO CREAM

1/1 and 2/1

End Rheumatism While You Sleep

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, Etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble. The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clear raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 73 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Rog. Thomas, Torquayville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak, I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

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Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty packages. Act now! Now in 3 sizes—1/10, 4/2, 8/4.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

VIM
brings back
lustre to pots
& pans
CLEANS SMOOTHLY

She's a Major-General . . .



RETIRED. — Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, who retires from the post of controller of the A.T.S.

At 33, Jean Knox is Controller of the Territorials

From MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our special representative.
(By Beam wireless).

England's youngest "General" has just been gazetted.

At thirty-three Jean Knox, wife of a squadron-leader in the Middle East and mother of a twelve-year-old daughter, Julie, has been appointed head of England's largest women's service.

SHE is director of the Auxiliary Territorial Service with the rank of Chief Controller (Major-General).

Blue-eyed, youthful looking, with sleek brown hair, Mrs. Knox is 30 years younger than Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, whom she succeeds.

But "General" Jean brings more than youthful enthusiasm to her job. England's Number One woman soldier is brimful of ideas.

Nearly six months ago, when I first met Jean Knox, she was "ideas" woman for the A.T.S.

During those months she toured every A.T.S. establishment in Britain, keeping closely in touch with the girls in khaki and scarcely a week has passed since without improvements.

Sweetheart leave

"SWEETHEART leave" is one of many new improvements she has sponsored.

This enables an A.T.S. girl's leave to coincide with that of her sweetheart.

She began a general smartening up of uniforms. Permission has been given to wear regimental badges and distinguishing flashes on colored forage caps, instead of their former puffy peaked cap. Smart battledress like that issued to men, for girls with the ack-ack guns, and issue of tennis shorts and sports equipment are other dress reforms which have been largely due to her recommendations.

A model of smartness and efficiency, Controller Knox's appointment has stimulated recruiting, and already throughout the service there is a briskness that reflects her personality.

This youthful director was more or less "ordered" into service, she confessed, by her husband.

"I thought I would like to join the A.T.S., but wouldn't be any good," she said. "When I told my husband he said 'Nonsense, you're just the sort they want.'"

"So with much hesitancy I joined and had been a member nearly a year when war broke out. Then I gave up housekeeping to become a company commander."

Now, after two and a half years' service, she is four ranks higher than her husband.

Mrs. Knox's promotion has been by far the quickest in the history of the service. Dame Helen's re-



APPOINTED. — Mrs. Jean Knox, leader of the Auxiliary Territorial Service in England, carries the rank of Major-General.



YOUNG transport driver on supply convoy in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Her new controller, Mrs. Jean Knox, herself is only 33.

irement becomes necessary because of the age limit, whereby Chief Controllers must not be over 57.

One of the objects of the introduction of a retiring age is to clear the way for young officers who have enlisted since the war and have therefore served in the ranks. Dame

Helen had a distinguished career in the last war, and since she was placed in charge of the A.T.S. has had to face many criticisms.

Last year a select committee brought charges of bad feeding, insufficient medical care, waste of ability and wrong system of promotion. Dame Helen stoutly defended titled women, of whom it was alleged too many held high rank.

They would "give the service a standing in the Counties" she maintained.

Appointment of a thirty-three-year-old woman marks the beginning of the move for young, "go-ahead" officers.

Though the Auxiliary Transport Service is given army status, they are anxious there will be no brass hats, and Director Knox's appointment seems to point this way.

Many times I've watched this youthful controller in the company of senior officers, and always she was outstanding.

She has a perfect profile, nicely-shaped head, brown wavy hair up-swept at the sides and front and cut short at the back, and blue-green eyes that are attractively almond-shaped. They narrow alittle as she concentrates or stresses some point, and widen into a cheerful smile as she looks up. With a good figure, Jean Knox always wears the finest lisle stockings, and has well-manicured nails lacquered pale pink.

To Relieve Catarrh Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

Persons suffering from catarrhal deafness, or who are growing hard of hearing and have head noises will be glad to know that this distressing affliction can now be successfully treated at home by an internal medicine that in every instance has effected complete relief after other treatments have failed. Sufferers who could scarcely hear have had their hearing restored to such an extent that the tick of a watch was plainly audible seven or eight inches away from either ear. Therefore, if you know of someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them and you may have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. The prescription can be prepared at home and is made as follows:—

Secure from your chemist 1 ounce **Parmitin** (double-strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar; stir until dissolved. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

Parmitin is used in this way not only to reduce by tonic action the inflammation and swelling in the Eustachian Tubes, and thus to equalize the air pressure on the drum, but to correct any excess of secretions in the middle ear, and the results it gives are quick and effective.

Every person who has catarrh in any form, or distressing rumbling, hissing sounds in their ears, should give this recipe a trial.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



Why it is DIFFERENT . . .
Why it needs a SPECIAL Shampoo
How to keep it shining—always

Blonde hair is different. It is distinctive. It spells personality—charm— allure. It lifts you out of the crowd and gives you extra attractiveness. Men look twice. Never sacrifice this—your natural advantage. Keep it fair always with Sta-Blond. And if your hair has darkened, Sta-Blond will bring back its former fair golden sparkle, and with it will come back lost fascination, beauty and appeal. For Sta-Blond is made specially for blondes—it succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail. Sta-Blond is safe. No dyes or injurious bleaches. Its precious ViteF nourishes roots.

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Now You Can Wear FALSE TEETH Without Embarrassment

Eat, talk, laugh or sneeze, without fear of false teeth dropping or slipping. **FASTEETH** keeps them firm and comfortable. This new, fine powder has no gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Keeps breath sweet. Newer, better than anything you've ever used. Get **FASTEETH** to-day, any chemist. (2 sizes.) Refuse substitutes.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

NEW... CANADIAN CREAM RUB

FOR

CHILDREN'S CHEST COLDS

Mothers . . . here's the new Canadian cream rub specially designed to break up congested croupy bronchial colds with its safe, positive three-way "thermal" action . . .

Buckley's Wintrol RUB . . . now introduced by the makers of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture.

NEW, 3-WAY "THERMAL" ACTION . . .

Give your child a winter relief with this warm and glowing "thermal" cream rub. Rubs in quicker, penetrates deeper, acts faster. Even the worst chest colds, congestion, sore throats yield like magic . . . often overnight! Ask your chemist or store.

Buckley's WINTROL RUB



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Bath your baby with PEARS you can see it's pure

Purity is the essence of Pears. You can see its purity simply by holding a tablet up to the light. There is nothing like the purity and mildness of Pears for the roseleaf skin of your baby.



10.208.33

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YOUR BURNING PAINS SOON DRIVEN OUT

Don't put up with those Sciatica pains—like a red hot knife between your shoulder blades! Give yourself quick, glorious relief with St. Jacob's Oil. The moment you apply St. Jacob's Oil you feel your skin begin to glow. You feel your sore muscles relaxing as the penetrating oil sinks deep down. Yes, you actually feel St. Jacob's Oil drawing the pain clean out. St. Jacob's Oil doesn't burn the skin. Keep a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil handy. Your chemist sells it.

This Means YOU

What's keeping you in the rut? Face up to facts and acknowledge the truth—you're not so young as you used to be, and the "works" don't run so smoothly as they did years ago. You're slowing up, getting tired, running down. Start taking WINCARNIS and win back your youthful vigour quickly. From the first glass you'll feel better—livelier, more alert, less worried, less nervy. Over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify that WINCARNIS is the ideal restorative, so get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

"WAIT! Ah, wait!"

my lady shrieked, confronting her husband's mock surprise. "What comedy do you play to desire a fire on so warm a night?"

"Comedy?" he echoed. "Why, madam, you cannot have observed that there are some matters in the chimney of which it were well to clear it."

"I see," she said, the fury of despair in her white face. "You desire to shame me. But my Lord Belsingham? What does he desire? By what right is he here?"

"Oh, madam, I pretend to none," his lordship made haste to answer, with a submission through which derision peeped, to goad her. "I am a reluctant witness commanded by Sir Arthur."

"And do you guess why, madam?" Sir Arthur raged. "Because I desired his presence whilst I tested the tale he brought me. So fond was I that I believed it was a lie to be thrust down his throat again."

"Then, since now you find it true, there is no reason to detain him." This sudden cold effrontery staggered him. "That is for me to determine," he retorted.

"Nay, I think it is for his lordship. And you must respect his natural repugnance to witness a woman's humiliation." She swung to Belsingham again. "My lord, do not permit yourself to be abused into lingering. Yield to your natural chivalry. Giles, light his lordship."

But Sir Arthur intervened. "Do you still dare to order here?" he cried, in angry amazement at this tone.

She did not on that account abate it. "Whatever may lie between you and me, sir, my lord shall not be constrained to a course repugnant to any man of honor."

If she did not succeed in persuading Sir Arthur, at least she succeeded in shaming his lordship into acquiescence, however vexations this dismissal with the curtain about to rise on a scene that promised such rich entertainment.

"Indeed, indeed, I could not wish to be an intruder longer."

"It is not you, Belsingham, are the intruder," Sir Arthur stormed, without intention to be witty.

"Yet," her ladyship objected, "you cannot wish him to remain. . . . Unless, of course, you feel in need of a protector."

The Gordian Knot

Continued from page 32

"Pro . . . protector!" he roared. Goaded by the cunning taunt, he gasped a moment for breath. Then he yielded furiously. "I'll not keep you, Belsingham."

His disappointed lordship murmured leave-takings and went out; Giles followed to light him.

As the door closed, Sir Arthur roused himself from his stupefaction. "Now, madam, for this visitor of yours." He whipped out his sword, and made for the hearth again. "We'll take a look at your coy chimney-sweep. Will you come down, my lady? Or must I quicken you?"

A pair of legs in blue velvet breeches hung in view a moment, then the rest of a body descended in a black cloud. From out of it crawled a slight stripling figure, begrimed from golden love-locks to rosetted shoes, a pair of scared eyes staring from a mask of coal dust.

The cry with which my lady ran to the protection of this newcomer was a fan to the flames of Sir Arthur's fury. He stepped back to make room.

"Stand forth, sir. Stand forth," he grimly invited. "Cast off the coyness that drives you into chimneys. Let us behold you clearly. Let us admire the charms to which my lady has succumbed."

It was an invitation whose sardonic note would have delighted my Lord Belsingham had he been permitted to remain. As it was, that disappointed gentleman had gone home in the hope that Sir Arthur's need of him should presently acquaint him with details which could not fail to be amusing.

At the earliest he counted upon this for the following morning. But he was not to be kept waiting even until then.

IN the gloom of his vast hall, two silver candle-branches, reflected in the polished surface of the dark oaken table, made an island of light; and here, a couple of hours after leaving Milton Court, sat his lordship unbuttoned and at ease, with a jug of ale. No sign of his wicked satisfaction was displayed to Sir Arthur as he came striding in upon a lackey's announcement. Lengthening his countenance in gravity, my

lord rose to receive this guest who sought him in affliction.

"My poor friend," he murmured. "You do well to call me that." Sir Arthur was lugubrious. "I am in sore distress."

"I can well conceive it." "And I've a grim duty to perform."

"You've not yet performed it? I understand. You desire to be formal. It is wise. You'll need a friend in this sad business. Command my services. Indeed, I was expecting you, though not to-night. You lose no time, Arthur."

"There's none to lose."

"As you say. Such matters are best settled quickly. Whom did he prove to be, the fellow in the chimney, this dastard who has taken so vile an advantage of your absence?"

"That's of no account. What really matters is that the good name of my Lady Crosbie must be shielded."

"To be sure it must."

"I am relieved by your ready agreement." Sir Arthur looked sorrowfully at my lord. He sighed. "I deplore what is to do. But I see no help for it. It is plausibly misfortunate that you should know something to the hurt of my lady's honor."

"Nay, now," my lord protested generously. "Never let that trouble you. You may trust my silence as you would your own."

Sir Arthur sighed. "I would I could."

"Oddsmylife, man, be sure you can. My oath on it. So be at ease, and tell me on whom I am to wait for you. A cup of ale, now, to warm you."

"Nay, nay, I'd best keep cool. You see, if the matter touched only myself I could risk being lenient; but it doesn't. It touches my lady."

"Of course. Of course. You waste words to tell me what I know."

But Sir Arthur went on wasting them, apparently. "I am sure that you mean me well. How, indeed, could I doubt so loyal and true a friend? Yet accidents will happen, unguarded words will out. And so—lackaday!—I must make quite sure that you do not talk."

Capitalising habit complex in radio

New plan for 2GB programmes

The trend in radio to-day is to simplify the choice of programmes for listeners. Thus, recently, 2GB announced its policy of presenting an outstanding feature, "On the Hour," in daytime.

Now comes an innovation in night-time programme arrangement, which necessitates a wide rearrangement of the schedule.

UNDER this plan 8 o'clock every night is the key time for a big entertainment of at least half an hour's duration.

The schedule is as follows: Monday, 8 p.m., "Radio Revue"; Tuesday, 8 p.m., a big new feature, commencing soon; Wednesday, 8 p.m., "Rise and Shine"; Thursday, 8 p.m., "Australia's Amateur Hour"; Friday, 8 p.m., "Mutiny on the Bounty"; Saturday, 8 p.m., "Pro

Bono Publico"; Sunday, 8 p.m., "The Radio Theatre."

The majority of these are, of course, already well-established features. "The Radio Revue" has previously been heard at 8.30 p.m.

The Tuesday night feature is already in rehearsal.

It has been described as one of the costliest features ever produced for Australian radio.

The Wednesday night feature, "Rise and Shine," is a successor to "Ask the Army," that very popular comedy quiz show.

"Rise and Shine" is even a bigger show, providing star variety and fast-moving quizzes, in which the boys in camp participate.

Among the artists who will be heard in this session will be Jack Davey, King of Quiz, Australia's funniest funny man Mo, famous vaudeville star Lulla Fanning, radio's sweetheart of song, Mary Sinclair, veteran actor Lou Vernon, Ward Leopold, The Rhythm Boys and Fred MacIntosh with his band of 18 musicians.

The realignment of these features will necessitate the alteration of several other programmes.

"Doctor Mac" will be heard at 8.30 p.m. every Monday and Wednesday, instead of, as in the past, at 8.15 p.m.

"Melody Tours," an interesting musical travel session, will be broadcast at 8.45 p.m. every Wednesday, instead of 8.15 p.m. every Tuesday.

The thought behind these alterations is based on the old-established principle of habit in listening.

Given the knowledge that tuning to 2GB at 8 o'clock on any evening means listening to a big show will considerably simplify the search for good radio entertainment.



LOU VERNON

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You see the difference that Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders make to your baby at teething time. They cool the blood, ensure regular easy motions, and have a definite comforting action. As a result, baby suffers none of the ill effects which so often occur when cutting the first teeth but retains that natural happy state which means so much to the busy mother.

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F2131.—Flowing lines and a fragile waist glamorise this beautiful evening gown. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 9yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2132.—Youthful high-necked blouse, with delicate lace-trimmed yoke and puff sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2133.—Slacks, waistcoat, and blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide, and 2½yds. for slacks and vest, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F2134.—Suit with slim-fitting skirt and long jacket that buttons up to the neck. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3230.—Afternoon frock, with contrasting touches. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ¾yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3208.—Day frock, with long sleeves and a clever yoke, suitable for smart striped fabrics. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1993.—Trim coat—an enchanting design for dressy town wear. 32 to 38 bust. Material required: 2½yds., 54ins. wide, and ¾yd. contrast, 54ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

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To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



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Sizes 4-6, 6-8, and 8-10 years. No. 1: Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide, for blouse, 1½yds., 54ins. wide, for bolero and skirt. No. 2: Requires 1½yd., 54ins. wide, for bolero, etc., and 2½yds., 54ins. wide, for frock. No. 3: Requires 1½yds., 54ins. wide, for skirt and bolero, and 1½yds., 36ins. wide, for blouse.

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PINTS OF RICH MILK
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PACKET OF
KRAFT
CHEDDAR

**KRAFT ECONOMY BUDGET
MENU No. 5**

Soup, Flaked Fish Casserole
Sweets, Coffee.

FLAKED FISH CASSEROLE

Ingredients:—1 lb. Cooked Fish; 1 Cup Grated Onion; 6 oz. Breadcrumbs; 6 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese (3 oz. grated, 3 oz. diced); 1 Pint White Sauce; salt; pepper. Grease pie dish and put layers of flaked fish, then grated cheddar cheese, grated onion, slightly browned in butter or fat, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, and repeat layers till the dish is three parts full. Pour over the white sauce and put diced cheese and dots of butter on top. Place in a very moderate oven till brown. Garnish with parsley. Serves six persons at a cost of 1½d. per person.

£5 FREE. Do you know of a tasty, economical dish you can make for any recipe accepted and published in Kraft Women's Weekly Advertisements? It must be a Main Course Dish with Kraft Cheddar Cheese as one of the principal ingredients, not merely a savoury or an eater, and must serve four or more persons for 4d. or less per person. (State the amount in your recipe.) Send entry to address shown on coupon.

The above £5 prize-winning dish was suggested by Mrs. P. Scott, 23 Morris Street, Mayfield West, N.S. Wales.

Flaked Fish Casserole! Ummmh! Ummmh! Here's a mouth-watering, nourishing, sustaining and economical dish you can easily serve your family. Now just think! How many dishes could you serve your family that would cost you only 3½d. per person? Isn't it wonderful? And what's more, remember this. One 8-oz. packet of Kraft Cheddar contains all the goodness of 4 pints of rich creamy milk. And remember, too, that Kraft Cheddar is extra rich in proteins, Vitamin "A", milk minerals, and the vital calcium that builds strong bones and sound teeth. And that's not all. Kraft Cheddar Cheese stays fresh and delicious to the very last slice. Why? Because Kraft Cheddar is pasteurised and foil-wrapped. So buy an 8-oz. packet of Kraft Cheddar Cheese now. Give your family that recipe featured above—Flaked Fish Casserole.



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A76

WAFFLES, PANCAKES AND PIKELETS

● These simple batter mixtures, either sweet or savory, make most appetising dishes, especially in cold weather. Easy to prepare and quick, too, waffles and pancakes can be given infinite variety with different flavorings and fillings.

BY MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



(ABOVE): ROLLED PANCAKES. These make a delicious afternoon tea or supper dish, and can be made with a variety of sweet or savory fillings.

(RIGHT): PIKELETS—another variety of pancake. Delicious served hot with butter, honey, or a sweet conserve. May also be flavored with brown sugar and spices.

(BELOW): PLAIN WAFFLE. This light, appetising batter mixture can also be made sweet or savory and makes a suitable luncheon or supper dish.



As a sweet course at the end of a winter night's meal, for supper, afternoon tea, or even for breakfast, those various batters—waffles, pancakes, and pikelets—are always delicious and satisfying.

PANCAKES

These, sweet or savory, can be of the frying-pan variety, rolled before serving, or the smaller and more substantial scotch griddle type. They can be made from the simplest flour and water batter or from a rich cream batter of flour, eggs and milk. The batter should be thin enough to pour and just sufficient to barely cover the bottom of the pan should be cooked one at a time.

ROLLED PANCAKES

Four ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 gill milk.

Sift the flour and salt. Beat the egg and add two-thirds of the milk. Pour into the flour and beat until smooth and then for five minutes. Add the remainder of the milk and stand for one hour. Pour into a jug. Melt a little butter or lard in a frying pan to grease well. When hot pour in just enough batter to cover the bottom of the pan thinly. Cook fairly slowly until the bottom is brown and loose. Toss or turn with a knife and cook on other side. Turn onto kitchen paper. Spread or sprinkle with filling. Roll and serve hot.

Sweet Fillings: Lemon and sugar, brown sugar and butter, honey, lemon cheese, jam.

Savory Fillings: Grated cheese and mustard, chutney, vegetable puree, scrambled eggs, mushrooms, creamed fish or white meats.

ECONOMICAL CURRANT PANCAKES

Four ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 1½ gills water or sour milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ cup currants, lemon and sugar.

Sift the flour and salt well. Add the sugar and mix to a smooth batter with the water or milk. Beat for five minutes and stand for 1 hour. Add the currants. Cook as for pancakes. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice and serve at once.

PIKELETS

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, ¼ cup milk, 1 egg.

Sift flour; add sugar and beat to a smooth batter with the beaten egg and milk. Drop in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle, turning to cook both sides. Serve hot with butter, honey, or a sweet conserve.

Note: Brown sugar and spices added to the above make a delicious variation.

POTATO GRIDDLE SCONES

Two cups mashed potato, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 egg, pinch salt.



Blend the potato, flour and salt with the well-beaten egg. Knead lightly and roll to ¼ in. thickness. Cut into triangles and cook on a hot greased griddle. Turn carefully to brown both sides. Serve hot with butter or honey.

WAFFLES

These make delicious foundations for numerous sweet and savory dishes. They are easy to make and the waffle irons can be used with any quick heating medium.

The irons should be heated until they will give a sharp click when tested with cold water. They are then brushed with oil or butter.

Just sufficient batter to fill the bottom iron is poured in and this must rise slightly before the top iron is closed down. The total time for cooking is about 4 minutes.

Waffles should be served at once, standing in a rack rather than in a pile. The irons should be cleaned with soft kitchen paper rather than washed.

MOCK MAPLE SYRUP

Half-pint water, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, few drops vanilla.

Blend the arrowroot with a little

of the water. Stir into the heated water, syrup, sugar and lemon juice. Simmer 5 minutes; add the essence. Serve hot with waffles.

SWEET WAFFLES

Waffles and maple syrup, honey, or golden syrup.

Waffles and ice cream.

Waffles with butter and brown sugar.

Waffles and lemon cheese.

Waffles with sliced fruit and whipped cream.

Waffles and chocolate sauce.

SAVORY WAFFLES

Waffles with poached, scrambled, or fried eggs.

Waffles and welsh rarebit.

Waffles with bacon and tomatoes.

Waffles and savory mince.

Waffles and sauteed kidneys.

Waffles and mushrooms.

PLAIN WAFFLE

Four ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar (omitted for savory waffles), 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 or 2 eggs, 1½ gills milk, essence.

Sift the flour, salt, and baking powder. Add the sugar. Beat the

egg-yolks with the milk. Make a well in the centre of the flour and stir in the liquid. Add the melted butter, beating to a smooth batter.

Lastly fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Enough for about 6 waffles. Note: White or wholemeal flour and sweet or sour milk may be used.



Soups like Mother used to make

— everything of the best . . . simmered for hours and hours to bring out all the goodness—all the flavour.



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PRIZES FOR THESE RECIPES

EVERY week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received in our recipe competition, while 2/6 consolation prize is awarded for every other recipe published.

All you have to do to enter is write out your pet recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

Remember to give ingredients, method, and cooking time. If for an oven dish, give approximate oven heat.

MOCK RASPBERRY JAM

Nine pounds melon, 7lb. sugar, 1 tin raspberry jam, 1 bottle raspberry cordial.

Put melon through mincer. Sprinkle with a little of sugar and let it stand overnight. Boil in usual way. When cooked add raspberry jam and cordial and boil ten minutes longer.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Horsfall, P.O., Leneva, via Wodonga, Vic.

CURRIED CARROTS

Boil carrots till tender in salted water, strain, mash, and add piece of butter. Season with pepper, celery salt, and 1 dessertspoon of curry powder and stir over gentle heat for 15 minutes. Pile on hot dish, garnish with hard-boiled eggs cut into halves and serve with toast.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. M. Riordan, Myroclea, Gibbs St., Croydon, N.S.W.

PICCANINNIES

Scrub as many large potatoes as needed and bake in their skins till soft. Cut in halves lengthwise and scoop out middle and mix with any of these fillings:

1. Equal quantities of cooked shredded cabbage, diced carrot and turnip, bound with white sauce.

2. Roughly chopped cooked fish with parsley or mustard sauce.

3. Shredded green vegetables cooked in very little water with some small shreds of bacon and flavored with salt, pepper and mustard.

Pile up whichever mixture you choose on one half of potato jacket, put other half on top, press together and replace in oven to heat through.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Forst, 146 Fletcher Rd., Largs Bay, Adelaide.

APPLE LEMON MARMALADE

Six lemons, 6lb. apples, 6 pints water, 9lb. sugar.

Wash lemons and slice thinly. Pour the 6 pints of boiling water over lemons, allow to stand overnight. Cook gently 1 of an hour. Peel and cut up apples into small pieces, add to marmalade, and cook until soft. Heat sugar, and add. Stir until dissolved. Then boil rapidly for 30 to 40 minutes, or until a little will jelly on a cold saucer.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. J. Combe, 125 Eglinton St., Kew, Vic.

DATE AND CARROT PUDDING

Four ounces stale breadcrumbs, 1 gill milk or water, 3oz. stoned and chopped dates, 1lb. grated carrot (raw), 2oz. chopped suet or dripping, 2oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 tablespoons golden syrup.

Either bake bread and pass it

AN economical mock raspberry jam wins first prize of £1 this week in our best recipe competition. This is a contest open to everybody, so you, too, can enter simply by sending us your favorite recipe.

through a mincing machine or break it up, soak in cold water, then squeeze very dry, and beat with a fork until smooth. Mix it very thoroughly with other ingredients, adding a little more milk or water if the mixture does not seem moist enough. Then turn mixture into a greased and floured basin, cover it with a greased paper and steam 2 hours. Turn it on to hot dish and pour little hot syrup around it.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Swanson, 240 Barker St., Randwick, N.S.W.

LEMON CAKE PIE

Quarter cup butter, 1 cup sugar, juice and rind 1 large lemon, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons flour, unbaked pie shell.

Cream butter and sugar; add juice, rind and egg-yolks. Beat well. Add flour and milk. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Pour into pie shell. Bake at 450 degrees F. for 10 minutes, reduce to 325 degrees, and bake till set. When cold, pipe some cream roses on pie and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Sweeney, 73 Coogee Bay Rd., Coogee, N.S.W.

MAIDS OF HONOR

Cream 4oz. butter with 3oz. castor sugar, add 1 beaten egg and mix well. Sift 6oz. plain flour with 2oz. of self-raising flour and stir into butter. Knead lightly, then roll out and line some patty tins or cases. Put a little raspberry jam in each. Filling: Beat 2oz. butter to a



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says: If you possess some good imitation pearls like these, try to preserve their lustre and beauty. As the pearly on some imitation pearls will wear off in time with careless handling, keep your necklace when not in use rolled in cotton wool—not loosely in a box which allows the beads to become rubbed.

cream with 2oz. castor sugar. Add yolk of 1 egg and beat well. Sift together 2oz. ground rice and 2 teaspoons of good cocoa or chocolate. Add to mixture with a pinch of baking powder and a little almond essence. Lastly stir in stiffly-beaten white of egg. Put a small quantity in each patty pan and cook tarts in fairly hot oven for 12-15 minutes

until firm to touch. When cold pour a little chocolate icing on each, decorate with very thin strips of angelica, using piece of cherry for centre. These cakes improve with keeping.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. Honeysett, Flat 1, Strathmore, New South Head Rd., Double Bay, N.S.W.

LADY CYNTHIA TOTHILL drives an Ambulance

Lady Tothill is the only sister of the fifth Earl of Bandon. She is slender, dark, with shining dark eyes, brown hair and a gloriously smooth skin. To-day she is doing war work, driving an Ambulance . . .



QUESTION TO LADY CYNTHIA TOTHILL:

Driving an Ambulance must be very hard on your complexion, Lady Tothill?

ANSWER:

It is. It's especially hard! I am out of doors in all weathers, and sometimes day and night, but I find Pond's creams are a splendid standby. They keep my skin in perfect condition, and have completely counteracted any tendency to develop lines and wrinkles as a result of eye strain.

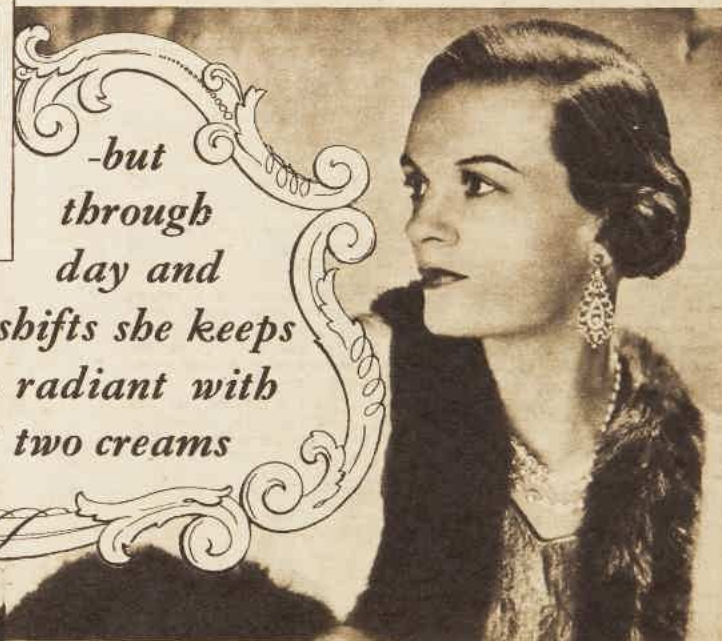
QUESTION TO LADY CYNTHIA TOTHILL:

Of course you can afford the most elaborate beauty treatments. How is it you prefer Pond's Creams?

ANSWER:

I find Pond's Creams keep my skin in perfect condition, with none of the trouble expensive beauty methods involve. Since I started using Pond's two creams, I have been frankly amazed at the improvement they have made to my complexion. My skin has become smoother, finer and healthier.

-but
through
day and
night shifts she keeps
her skin radiant with
Pond's two creams



THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMEN FOLLOW THE POND'S BEAUTY METHOD

It can bring YOU new loveliness

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use

Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and it protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Now here's an extra beauty tip. To make your skin stay soft and smooth, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night before bed.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/1 tubes, 1/1 jars and generous 2/8 jars containing approximately 3 1/2 times as much. (Including Sales Tax.)

FREE! Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL ☐ ROSE ☐ SUNTAN ☐
LIGHT CREAM ☐ NATURAL ☐ LIGHT NATURAL ☐

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NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

TAILORED-STYLE JUMPER ...

• This jumper is knitted on tailored, slim-fitting lines. A special feature is the interesting yoke knitted in a fancy pattern.

HERE is the sort of jumper that is particularly useful in your wardrobe. It's blessed with those close-fitting lines that flatter your figure and also make the garment suitable for wearing with your tweed suit.

Here are the instructions:
Materials.—7oz. Paton's Super Scotch Fingering Wool, 3-ply (2oz. extra for long sleeves); 1 pair each Nos. 9, 10 and 12 knitting needles; 1 crochet hook.

Measurements.—Length from top of shoulder, 19½ in.; width all round at underarm, 32 in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 18 in.

Tension.—To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7½ stitches to the inch.

BACK
Using No. 12 needles cast on 98 stitches. Work in (k 1, p 1) rib for 5 inches, increasing once at the end of the needle in the last row (99 stitches).

Using No. 10 needles work in stocking-stitch, increasing once at each end of the needle in the 5th row, then in every following 6th row until there are 119 stitches on the needle.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 12½ inches from the commencement, ending with a purl row.

Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the needle in each of the next 2 rows, then decrease once at each end of the needle in every row until 87 stitches remain.

Purl 1 row.
Change to the No. 9 needles, and proceed as follows:—

1st Row: * K 3, p 3, repeat from * to the last 3 sts., k 3.

2nd Row: * P 3, k 3, repeat from * to the last 3 sts., p 3.

3rd Row: K 2, * slip 1, wlfwd., p 3, slip 1, k 1, repeat from * to the last st., k 2.

4th Row: P 2, * slip 1, k 3, wlfwd., slip 1, p 1, repeat from * to the last st., p 2.

5th Row: K 2, * drop sl-st. and hold in front of work with thumb, put the next 3 sts. on to a spare



CLOSE-UP of the fancy stitch used in the yoke of the jumper shown at top left. The stitch is quite simple to do.

needle at back of work, k next st., p 3 sts. from spare needle, k the st. held by thumb, k 1, repeat from * to the last 2 sts., k 2.

6th Row: Like the 2nd row.
Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows twice. Repeat these 10 rows four times, then repeat the first 6 rows once.

Shape for the shoulders as follows: Working in (k 1, p 1) rib, cast off 8 sts. at the beginning of the needle in the next 6 rows, then continue on the remaining 39 sts. in (k 1, p 1) rib for 3 rows.

Cast off in rib.

FRONT

Work exactly as given for the back.

Long Sleeves: Using No. 12 needles, cast on 56 sts.

Work in (k 1, p 1) rib for 5 inches.

Using No. 10 needles, work in st-st., increasing once at each end of the needle in the 7th row, then at each end of the needle in every following 8th row until there are 96 sts. on the needle.

Continue without shaping until the sleeve measures 18 in. from the commencement, measured down the centre, then decrease once at the beginning of the needle in every row until 66 sts. remain, then decrease once at each end of the needle in every row until 26 sts. remain. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron press lightly on the



THIS SIMPLY-STYLED JUMPER gains distinction with a fancy yoke and buttons across the shoulders. It has long, cosy sleeves, and is knitted in 3-ply wool on Nos. 9, 10, and 12 needles. The design is very simple to do, yet entrancing when finished. Instructions for knitting on this page.

wrong side. Sew up the right shoulder, then sew up the left shoulder for 1½ in. at armhole edge. Sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam.

Work 1 row of d.c. round the neck opening of each back and front shoulder.

Make 3 crochet buttons as fol-

lows: Make 5 ch. and join into a ring with a sl-st. Make 3 ch., then work 15 tr. into the ring and join with a sl-st. to the top of the 3 ch. made at the commencement. Cut the thread, leaving a short end, gather up the tr. and fasten off securely. Sew buttons on the back shoulder, then make 3 buttonhole loops on the front shoulder to correspond.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 186C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 408W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St., or Dalton House, 115 Pitt St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 186C, G.P.O., Melbourne, New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

• NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Dainty frock and bonnet

To make baby as pretty as a picture. Ready to wear, too

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Safeguard the lustrous glamour of your hair with Eugeneol "B" sachets. They're especially produced to safely curl bleached hair but are equally suitable for coarse or naturally wavy textures. No "fritz" with Eugeneol "B"—just truly lovely, soft, adoptable curls. Remember—Eugeneol "B" sachets.

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There's no curl like the Eugene curl

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The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chasebrough Manufacturing Company.

THIS charming frock and bonnet have the design clearly marked, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. The embroidery is so easy to do. The edge, neckline, and bottom edges are button-holed. The bonnet, too, is buttonholed around the outside edge. Flowers are worked in satin-stitch, with stamens and stems in stem-stitch.

The design is obtainable traced on georgette in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and pale green, also on good quality winceyette in cream, blue, white, lemon, pink, and green in pastel tonings.

Frock: Sizes infants to six months, georgette, 6/11; winceyette, 3/3; 12 to 18 months, georgette, 7/6; winceyette, 3/6.

Bonnet: Infants to 6 months, georgette, 1/6; winceyette, 1/-; 12 to 18 months, georgette, 1/9; winceyette, 1/3.

Complete set, bonnet and frock: Infants to 6 months, georgette, 8/-; winceyette, 4/-; 12 to 18 months, georgette, 9/-; winceyette, 4/6.

Paper pattern only, price 1/6 complete. Embroidery transfer, price 1/6 extra.



No. 109
109. Dainty frock and bonnet set highlighted with touches of floral embroidery. Available in georgette or winceyette.

Smart overalls

For 2 to 6 years

VERY attractive for tiny tots from 2 to 6 years. The design is clearly traced on linora in cream, white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. It is ready to cut out, machine and then embroider. The flowers are done in satin-stitch, and stems in stem-stitch. A bright contrasting color to material chosen would be most effective.

Sizes 2-4 years, 2/11 each; 4-6 years, 3/6 each, plus 3d for postage. Paper pattern only, price 1/-.

Embroidery transfer, price 1/- extra.

108. Trim overalls designed for playtime, and although they look so pretty they can take the toughest wear.



From the day they're born

Warm in winter, cool in summer, Viyella and Clydella are perfect for the little ones from the day they're born. No number of visits to the wash tub can shrink these genuine English fabrics or dim their dainty colourings... nor will the popular cream qualities turn yellow in the wash. Indoors or out—asleep or awake... all the family will be smart and comfortable in Viyella and Clydella.

| Cream Viyella | | | Cream Clydella | | |
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See also the new checks and floral designs. If unable to obtain locally, write to Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., Box 3353P, G.P.O., Sydney, for free patterns. For Nursery Knitting Book, enclose 6d. plus 1d. postage (in stamps).

If—they shrink, we replace



Viyella' and Clydella'
MADE IN ENGLAND



Fruit trees for small gardens...

FOR the small garden I recommend a more general use of the dwarf fruit tree, which can either be grown in the form of cordons, espaliers, or fans.

Trees treated in this way occupy little space, throw very little shade, are easy to prune and spray, and the crop is always easy to pick.

Practically all the fruit trees grown in Australia, except the tropical and citrus varieties, can be grown either as cordons, espaliers or fan-shaped.

One of the greatest advantages of the cordon and espalier systems is that the fruit can be netted against birds, which undoubtedly cause much trouble to back-yard orchardists.

Insect pests and diseases are more readily seen and recognised, and can be sprayed or dusted with ease.

At this time of the year, when fruit-tree planting is seasonable, the home gardener could obtain apple, pear, plum, peach, apricot, and nectarine trees from three to four years old, prune them into the required shapes, and get quite a good crop the next season from planting.

Given good treatment by the pruner, the cordons and espaliers would grow sturdier and bear heavier crops each year.

Cordons are the simplest form of growing apple trees, for they consist only of a stem and little else, all side growths being kept as short as possible. This form is particularly useful where space is limited.

The European system of growing these dwarf trees against walls or fences cannot be recommended in our hot climate. They should be grown in rows where the air and sunshine can reach them without being concentrated on them for many hours during the heat of the day.

They can be grown either upright in single stems, in twin-shaped U stems, or put in so as to grow

● Gardeners often tell me that they would like to produce their own fruit, but owing to the small size of their gardens cannot afford the space occupied by three or four trees.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

diagonally. In each case they would need to be staked for some years. The fact that they can be planted about 2ft. apart shows how easily they can be made to fit into any gardening scheme.

Espaliers, which are shown in a picture on this page, need more careful treatment, particularly as to pruning and training.

There are several forms of both cordons and espaliers, the most-favored types of cordons being "diamonds" trained in a V-shape instead of a single stem. The trees are set 18in. apart, the supporting horizontal wire being so spaced that it crosses at the intersection of the branches. They look particularly lovely when in bloom.

Horizontal cordons are used for making a very pretty low fence or border. The trees are placed 6 or 8 feet apart. A wire is stretched horizontally about 15in. above the ground. The young apples stand erect until they reach this wire; they are then bent and tied along it very much as wickuriana roses are sometimes trained.

This type of tree can be grown in rows or used as a dividing living fence between the flower garden and the vegetable patch. As a wind-break they are sometimes ideal. From a short, upright stem, laterals or side branches are sent out in pairs at the same level but in opposite directions, each pair about a foot above the one below, and are trained horizontally, the several branches being pruned in the same way as for cordons.

Espaliers are particularly suitable for pears, apples, plums, and apricots. They should be trained at first against a strong trellis, each



ESPALIER showing the trained laterals in pairs growing horizontally. The method of growing fruit trees is suitable for apple, pear, plum, peach, apricot, and nectarine trees, and is also ideal for the small garden, where space is very limited.

lateral being secured to the trellis to keep it in shape.

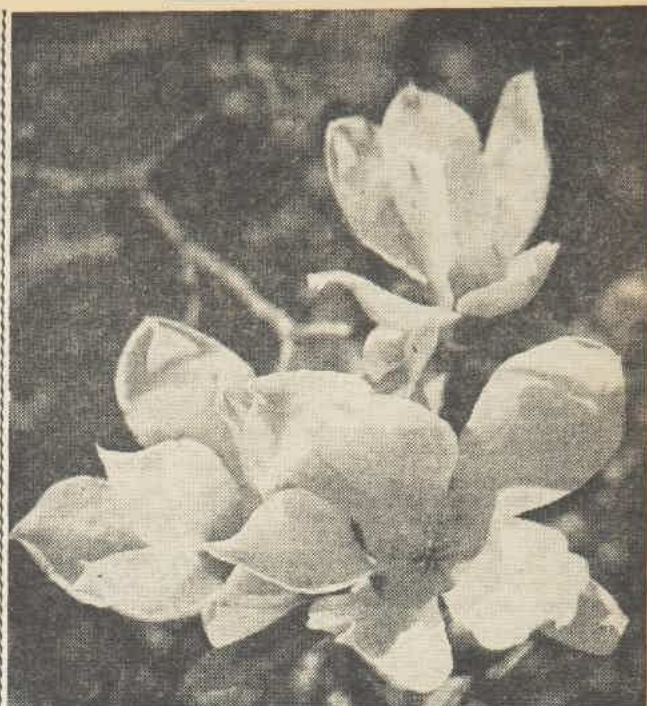
Peaches and nectarines are mostly trained on what is known as the fan or fan shape. The usual foundation of a fan consists of six branches of equal length, spreading out evenly, like the spokes in the upper half of a cart-wheel, from a central stem near the ground. The branches later converge and the increased space between is eventually filled with laterals.

Other dwarf trees that are used to great advantage in small gardens are either goblet shaped, pyramids, or what is known as palmetto, the last-mentioned being trained into three or more V's, one above the other from the low main stem.

The whole success or failure with dwarf trees lies in the pruning. All fruit trees that bear their fruit on spurs will form fruit-spurs if in summer their shoots are cut back to half an inch, or if pinched back to three leaves.

It is most important that this be done in summer. The gardener wishing to train such trees now can, however, take off the limbs on the unwanted sides, making the trees flat sided. Next summer the work of pinching back can be started, and these trees will bear well the following season.

In December the gardener should



SOME EXQUISITE MAGNOLIAS. This variety is the magnolia soulangeana. Like other types of tree lilies, it should be planted now.

Tree lilies for spring

● Although magnolias are beginning to wake up from their winter sleep they may be safely planted out in the garden now.

SOMETIMES called lily-trees because of the resemblance their fragrant blooms bear to those of the bulbous liliun, there are perhaps no other hardy trees or shrubs possessing so many attractive qualities.

In our mild climate they provide an almost unbroken succession of bloom from late July, when the furry buds of deciduous species begin to unfold, until November, when the later varieties shake off their sticky bud-covers and peep out into the sunlight.

Some varieties even bloom throughout the summer and one variety, magnolia tripetala, the Umbrella Tree, produces good bloom in autumn.

Magnolias are not fussy as to soil or climate, and can usually be found in all States of the Commonwealth. While very severe frosts will affect the less hardy varieties, it has to be a severe visitation to kill them, for

they come from Asia and North and Central America, where heavy frosts and deep snowfalls are frequent.

Magnolias do best in deep loamy soil containing plenty of rotted leaf mould. Many of them, notably magnolia grandiflora and soulangeana, are not averse to limestone or limy country provided there is a good depth of top soil, and the sub-soil is well broken up.

While the leaf-losing trees or shrubs are naked all winter they more than make up for their strip-tease stunts by a spring transformation of gorgeous, fragrant flowers that never fails to gain admiration.

Magnolia soulangeana nigra is the darkest colored of the family, the outside of the petals being a deep vinous purple. Stellata has starry blooms of immaculate whiteness; obovata has large purple flowers, and magnolia fuscata is the famous portwine variety bearing small purple flowers of the utmost fragrance in spring.

and fruit all along its length. Whatever form of growing is chosen the principle is the same and the method consists in keeping the little tree strictly to the business of producing fruit—not branches.

Peaches, nectarines, and apricots, however, bear their fruit on the new growth, therefore more of it must be let remain and the cutting must be done after the fruiting.

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KEEP FIGHTING FIT ... Take Eno!

Even if you're not in uniform, but just "carrying on," it's your duty to keep cheerful by keeping fighting fit. This is impossible if you suffer from faulty elimination, indigestion, sick headaches, or other stomach disorders. A sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" first thing every morning will keep you in perfect health by correcting acidity, and giving your system just the help it needs to dismiss gently and thoroughly poisonous food waste. Get a bottle to-day.

2/4 and 3/11 at chemists, stores, and canteens.



Take only Eno because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh, purgative mineral salts.

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Eno being highly concentrated is far more economical.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.



TONICS ... for face, hands, and feet

● Here are some quick ten-minute tonic treatments for refreshing and rejuvenating your face, your hands, and your feet. Try them often—especially after a tiring day and you feel in need of some pepping up for a party or show.

By JANETTE

FIRST your face — it's tired and grey and there are at least four more wrinkles than you had last week. In fact, you look a hundred, and you feel it.

Probably all you need is plenty of sleep, and probably that's just what you can't get right now. So give your face this ten-minute tonic instead:

First with oil or cold cream wipe away all the dirt and remains of your make-up. Then, using your face cream or cold cream, or, failing those, some fine almond oil from the chemist, begin pit-patting lightly but firmly with the fingertips, first of one hand, then the other, with a slight upward movement to each pat. Then with your fingers held close together to make a sort of patten, slap your cheeks and forehead briskly, still with the upward pull.

Soon your face begins to tingle and a warm, rosy color spreads over it. Soak a pad of cotton-wool in ice-cold water or witch hazel (or a mixture of both if it's very delicate), and draw this quickly up over your face, beginning at the chin. The sharp, sudden coolness will act as a tonic, bracing and refreshing your skin.

If you've time spread a home-made mask over your face and neck and, if you can spare it, the white of an egg beaten to a froth and then quickly painted on makes an excellent bleaching whitening pack for fine skins. Fuller's earth mixed with astringent is splendid for bracing an oily skin. Or if your face has

been dried by cold winds, soften and nourish it with an oatmeal and yolk of egg pack.

A simpler treatment still is to rub your damp face with just a little oatmeal. Rinse the mask away with warm water and then wring out your wash-cloth in cold water and slap it on to your face.

Remember, too, that if you can cool and freshen your mouth, eyes, and scalp, you'll feel a great deal more refreshed. Cleaning your teeth with an antiseptic toothpaste will make your mouth feel clean; use an eyewash for your eyes; and a little bay rum sprinkled on your hair-brush to make your head feel pleasantly cool.

Care for your feet

TAKE good care of those feet of yours. If you let them get tired and aching the very first place to show the pain will be your face!

As soon as you get indoors, peel off your stockings and pop your toes into warm, soapy water. Wash your feet carefully, and dry them carefully, too, especially between the toes. Feet must be washed regularly and thoroughly, otherwise the waste acid matter is choked back instead of being sent out through the pores; and that's what causes the aches and rheumatic pains.

While the cuticles are still soft from the warm water push them back very gently with an orange stick or by pressing with your finger through the towel. Then cut the nails straight across and fairly short. Long nails or nails cut away at the corners will encourage ingrowing toenails.



Now, with a little cold cream, or, better still, a foot balm, massage round the heel, over corns or callouses to soften the hard skin. Then draw your fingers up and under the insteps and soles and round the ankles—always massaging upwards. Wipe away the surplus cream and hold each foot for a second under the cold tap, or sprinkle them with a good, strong astringent like eau-de-Cologne, or some cool foot lotion. As a final touch smooth them with talc or an anti-perspirant foot powder.

Give your feet a rest—they need it as much as any other part of you—with a pillow or two under your feet and none under your head. Resting with your feet on a higher level than your head gives a delicious feeling of relief.

First aid for hands

NOW for your hands. They're roughish and reddish, and the nails are breaking—a sorry sight to be sure.

Give your hands this ten-minute tonic as soon as you can: Dip your fingers first into a bowl of warm soapy water. Take them out and dry them, and smear a little almond oil or cold cream round the cuticles. File the nails—short and rounded is smarter and more practical than those long pointed tips—and dip them again into the water. File away the little roughnesses round your nail with an emery board and push back the cuticle very gently, pressing with your other thumb through a clean towel or using the blunt end of an orange stick.

If there are any loose dead ends of cuticle snip them away with the scissors points, but don't cut the live cuticle and don't cut the corners which are half skin and half nail.

When you apply nail polish draw the brush quickly over the whole nail from base to tip; it makes your nails look more oval to varnish them this way.

And there's a ten-minute tonic for night-time. Warm a little olive or almond oil (the almond smells sweeter), and massage it well into your hands, finger-tips and cuticles. Keep on smoothing and rubbing it in until the skin barely feels sticky. Find an old pair of cotton gloves and pop them on just for the night. Your hands will be beautifully soft and white by the time you wake up.

A REFRESHING facial and careful make-up will make you sparkle again after a tiring day. Maureen O'Hara, RKO star above, shows you how to apply lip rouge for best effect. Use a brush, outline edges, and then fill in the centre of lips.

4 Common figure faults corrected instantly with amazing new REDUCING CORSET

★ The New Contour Corset will correct your Figure Faults instantly—and massage away all Unwanted Fat from Thighs, Hips, Abdomen and Diaphragm. 3 inches in 10 Days—5 inches in 15 days are reports



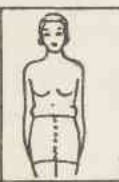
BULGING DIAPHRAGM



BULL BACK TYPE



SPREADING HIPS



ROLL OVER TOP OF CORSET

★ **CORSET MATERIAL**
Specially woven, non-rubber floral designed peach shade Reducing Fabric. Washable, dependable and lasting.

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Cute Fasteners which snap into place in a jiffy. Made to lie perfectly flat and prevent twisting or riding up.

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Reinforced wrap - over Controfront controls abdomen and diaphragm comfortably and also gives perfect flatness.

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Frontal - Draw, Rapid - Lock and Instant Slip Off Fasteners which ensure a sleek-lined wrinkle free front.

★ **NEW HIP CONTROL**
New Method of Hip Treatment, exclusive to the New Contour Corset, eliminates bulge and gives unbroken lines.

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A BLISSFUL SENSATION

How Thrilling it is to let your body surrender to the comfortable "feel" of this Gorgeous Garment! So kindly does it Reduce—So gently does it Support your figure—that you forget you have Hips, Thighs or an Abdomen. You are always Relaxed—though firmly supported.

A DUAL-PURPOSE GARMENT

Being especially designed for your requirements—it Glamourously Flatters the most uncontrollable figure—achieving a Sleek, Smooth, Second-Skin Fit—Fashionably Styled for Smartness and Perfectly Suited for Action.

NO MONEY NEEDED

You do not have to buy a New Contour Corset to test its many virtues. SEND YOUR WAIST, HIPS and THIGH Measurement NOW—for We Want you TO WEAR one FOR 10 DAYS At Our Expense.

★ **THOSE ABLE TO CALL ARE INVITED TO DO SO**
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816 Dymock's Bldg., 428 George Street, Sydney



CUTEX ... THE LONGEST WEARING NAIL POLISH

Here is a polish that flows smoothly on to the nail and clings there... gleaming, brilliant and flawless. Cutex Salon Polish is the result of a quarter century of research for the most durable, longest wearing nail polish possible to modern science. Based on a new principle, slightly thicker than ordinary nail polishes, Cutex Salon Polish gives days and days of added wear. Ask to see the "style right" range of many shades.



CUTEX Salon Polish



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS are beginning to take an interest in "hair-do's" for little girls. They are not so sure that they like pigtales. Here Emilie has her hair done in curls for the first time by a hair-dresser while Marie eagerly awaits her turn.



HERE ARE THE QUINS—all with new coiffures. Growth of the Quintuplets, whom no one expected to survive and become normal, healthy children when they were born prematurely, averaging 13½ inches in length and 2½ lbs. in weight, is dramatised in this picture. The dolls they are holding are the exact sizes the Quins were at birth. Left to right: Marie, Cecile, Emilie, Annette, Yvonne, who now average 47 inches in height, 56 lbs. in weight. Yvonne, largest at birth, is now smallest; Cecile is the "big sister" in weight and height.

The Doctor Tells You What to do

PATIENT: Doctor, my daughter has developed what she thinks is a most fascinating, husky voice. But my husband says she ought to see

About LARYNGITIS

a doctor because he is certain there is something wrong with her throat. Do you think he is right?

DOCTOR: The husband was right, in this case.

A persistently husky voice can be a symptom of something very wrong with a person's health.

But that doesn't mean that everyone with a hoarse or husky voice is the victim of some dread disease.

Hoarseness of the voice, or, to give its medical name—laryngitis—is due to inflammation of the membrane which lines the larynx or voice-box.

Laryngitis may occur in either of two forms—acute or chronic. Acute laryngitis generally arises in the course of a common cold, and nearly always begins with a running nose.

The inflammation of the membrane lining the nose that accompanies cold spreads from the back of the nose to the larynx, and, in consequence, there is a huskiness of voice, and the throat aches so that speaking or eating is painful.

In some very acute forms laryngitis is accompanied by complete loss of voice. Frequently also there is an irritating, ineffective and barking cough.

One of the symptoms of laryngitis is a desire to be constantly swallowing. But because of the pain this causes, it is well to resist the desire if possible.

Treatment of acute laryngitis consists in complete rest—of both voice and body.

The patient should go to bed and keep warm.

Anything that tends to irritate the throat, such as smoking or the inhaling of dust, should be avoided.

Steam inhalations of Friar's Balsam—a teaspoonful in a pint of hot water—will do much to relieve the discomfort of the throat, and so will gargling with a warm solution of common salt (one teaspoonful of salt to one tumbler of water).

Any person who is inclined to "coddle" the throat by wrapping it up excessively is very prone to attacks of laryngitis.

So also are those whose tonsils need attention. Again, infection of the nose or antrums may be the cause of repeated attacks.

Chronic laryngitis may follow an acute attack, but more often than not it is due to excessive smoking or to the excessive use of the voice in the wrong way.

It is a fact worth noticing that teachers, singers, or speakers, who have learnt to use their voices properly rarely suffer from laryngitis in a chronic form, for one of the virtues of vocal training is that it teaches the right use of the vocal organs.

As in acute laryngitis, the symptoms of chronic laryngitis include a huskiness of the voice, and a frequent desire to clear the throat of phlegm.

The treatment is again complete rest of the voice.

In cases of chronic laryngitis a doctor will very likely order the painting of the throat with some special lotion. But this painting should not be done without a doctor's advice, for some throat paints contain drugs that are dangerous to health if used indiscriminately. The throat is a very delicate organ.

*"They tell me
I showed them how to
treat Baby's Cold"*



1. BABY FELT TERRIBLE—had one of those things they call "colds". His NOSE was all stuffed up, his THROAT was sore and, from the sound of his COUGH, he had an awfully TIGHT CHEST.



2. I HAD MY TROUBLES, TOO—It was an itch. I sat down to have a good, floor-thumping scratch. Boy, it felt swell—really hit the spot. I could see Pop watching me, thoughtfully. Then...



ALL OF A SUDDEN, Pop jumped up, laughing. "The pup has the right idea!" he shouted. "He scratches where it itches, and so gets DIRECT RELIEF. That's what Baby needs for his cold—something that will really reach the place where his cold is!"



"VICKS VAPORUB—OF COURSE!" replied Mummy. Next thing I knew, they were rubbing something that smelt nice on Baby's throat, chest, and back. Pop said: "They say VapoRub works direct in the NOSE, THROAT, and CHEST—right where the trouble is."



BABY'S BETTER NOW, no more snuffling, no more coughing. Mummy says it was VapoRub's "double action" that broke up the cold so fast. I wish she would tell him he has me to thank for that rub with VapoRub!



STUFFY NOSE
SORE THROAT
TIGHT CHEST AND COUGH

Your child gets DIRECT relief from ALL these miseries when you rub on VapoRub!

Just rubbed on at bedtime, VapoRub gives off healing vapours as it is warmed by the body. These are breathed in all through the inflamed air-passages—which only vapours can reach direct. Irritation is soothed, phlegm loosened, coughing relieved, breathing made easy.

At the same time, VapoRub works on the skin like a poultice, "drawing out" tightness and pain in throat and chest. This double action—poultice and

vapours—goes on hour after hour—breaks up most colds overnight.

Ideal for children, because it is used externally—no risk of upsetting the child's stomach. Over 26 million mothers use VapoRub every year.

VICKS VAPORUB

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Importance of mineral salts in pre-natal diet

IT has been proved that babies prematurely born are lacking in iron and are therefore anaemic.

This iron is stored in the baby's body during the latter part of pregnancy, so that the importance of iron-containing foods should be recognised by every expectant mother.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. A copy will be forwarded free, if a request together with a stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 3/6

Varicose Veins are Quickly Reduced

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunches when the powerful, yet harmless germicide called Moore's Emerald Oil can be obtained at any chemist.

Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil (full strength), and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



MR. AND MRS. ABBOTT at afternoon tea on the wide verandah which surrounds their home, Government House, Darwin, Nth. Australia. Picturesque shutters provide shade and coolness.

RIGHT: The dignified dining-room. Recently redecorated, it now has dusty-pink walls with a silver-grey frieze of papaw leaves.

BELOW: The drawing-room, which has cream walls and light cane furniture. Modern flower paintings, vases of tropical leaves and flowers, and rows of friendly-looking books add color and life.



MR. AND MRS. ABBOTT on the stone-paved terrace which runs across the front of Government House and overlooks the sea. Here crotons, poinsettias, and clipped bougainvillea are growing in tubs.

Darwin's most important home

● Here are pictures of Government House, Darwin, the residence of the Administrator, Mr. C. L. A. Abbott, and his wife. Unusually attractive and very homelike, the house is built in the cool, picturesque style typical of comfortable tropical homes. Modern decoration and exquisite color schemes, planned by Mrs. Abbott, provide charm and beauty.

These photographs were taken by W. (Bill) Brindle, The Australian Women's Weekly staff photographer.



YOU'LL THRILL

. . . to the new beauty that is yours

You'll be thrilled, delighted, when your looking glass reveals your new, youthful, loveliness of complexion that follows the regular use of "Corinne" Rose Cream. Perfect powder base, "Corinne" Rose Cream is the natural beauty emulsion for the skin, and so it cleanses, rejuvenates and beautifies as nothing else can.

Bottles 2/6 and 1/-, Tubes 1/6 at Chemists and Beauty Stores.

Corinne ROSE CREAM
THE ONE POWDER BASE THAT BEAUTIFIES



FAMOUS THRILLERS

DARWIN'S Government House is a fine old home built 80 years ago.

It overlooks the sea where, through the years, steamers and pearling luggers have come into port. Nowadays, giant passenger seaplanes moor within sight of the lovely Government House terrace.

Recently Mrs. Abbott had the house redecorated to her own ideas with entrancingly lovely results. And this artistic work was done by an ordinary house painter!

Now the dining-room, a graceful dignified room, has dusty-pink walls with a frieze of papaw leaves painted in silver-grey. This color scheme makes a perfect background for the main picture in the room—a beautiful portrait of Queen Mary in a silver satin frock.

The main bedroom has clear green walls with a frieze of leaves of tropical plants collected by Mrs. Abbott.

The guest suite has light green walls with a silver frieze of a delicate tropical creeping vine.



"Wish I could talk AND I'D TELL THEM A THING OR TWO"

"Fancy trying to get me to take castor oil. Why everybody ought to know that Laxettes are best for babies."

"They're great things, these Laxettes. They taste just like delicious chocolates. And they're so mild and gentle that a fellow might easily think they *are* chocolates. And gosh—they're good! They clear up tummy troubles in no time. There's no pain—no griping—no tummy aches. And best of all, a fellow feels comfortable afterwards; they don't overact and they bring lasting relief."

Laxettes are the ideal laxative for children. They're mild and safe—free from harsh purgatives and irritants. For wisest buying, ask for the 1/7d. Standard size, containing 18 tablets. It lasts longer and is the handiest size for every home.



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Correct FAULTY ELIMINATION

STANDARD SIZE (18 Tablets) 1/7d. TRIAL SIZE 6d.



L41-2

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Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits so popular with everyone — so delicious, crisp and wholesome, contain

1. The whole of the grain of selected wheat which has been grown in special districts for the purpose.
2. The full vitamin protein and mineral salt content of the whole wheat grain.
3. All the elements for tissue replacement and health building in the proper balanced quantities required by the body.

They are non-fattening.

They are a wonderful aid to digestion. This is greatly aided by the natural roughage they contain.

Their analysis reads as follows:—

SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

72.89% Carbohydrate, 7.44% Protein, 13.3% Fat.

These nice biscuits supply all the essentials to nutrition, in rich abundance. They remain crisp and oven-fresh almost indefinitely as packed in air-tight tins and packets by Arnott's. They are ideal **emergency** biscuits.



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BENEFICIAL FOR CHILDREN



AT 11 O'CLOCK



AT LUNCH WITH BUTTER & CHEESE



FOR AFTERNOON TEA



FOR SUPPER WITH BUTTER, CHEESE, JAM, OR HONEY



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F A M O U S
**SHREDDED WHEATMEAL
BISCUITS**

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S